

# THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1819.

ART. I.—*York Springs, Adams County, Pennsylvania.*

**T**HE variety of medicinal fountains, scattered over our extensive country, which have laid claim to the public attention, has made it desirable to have their qualities and merits carefully inquired into, and judiciously compared. That beneficent Providence which doth nothing in vain, seems as it were expressly to have placed at convenient distances, springs that prove antidotes to the autumnal diseases of our tide-waters; whilst others are within reach of those who may be afflicted by the complaints more common in the interior. An impartial account of the principal mineral waters, with a correct analysis of each, accompanied by a well authenticated relation of the cures effected by them, as well as their probable efficacy in various diseases; with the nature of the country and climate in which they are situated, would, therefore, be received with infinite approbation, and very essential service which might thus be rendered to many unfortunate individuals in search of health. Indeed, it is a matter of some surprise, that this interesting subject has not already exercised the pen of some one, ambitious of literary reputation. At the same time the opinion may be hazarded, that whoever shall undertake to discuss it, should be well skilled in the treatment of diseases in general; conversant with the phenomena of natural philosophy; and a chemist of no mean acquirements: qualifications which ought to be united, although not always found in the character of the physician. There is little doubt that the result of well-directed inquiry on this matter, would prove a source of distinction, as well as profit to him that will execute it with ability.

As yet, the public is in possession of no standard of utility by which the resorts to watering places might, in some measure, be regulated. The faculty themselves appear to be frequently at a loss, to which they ought to send their valetudinary patients. In England, the mineral springs are steadily and regularly frequented. There the season commences early, and continues late; for experience has proved that all mineral waters act slowly and gradually

on the human constitution, and that it is to perseverance in their use, the invalid must look for ultimate and permanent relief. In this country, on the contrary, miracles are too often expected; and if by a week's trial, a cure is not effected, the restlessness of indisposition takes the patient to another place, where he is equally unsuccessful. This uncertainty, arising, perhaps, from the indecision of the very physician who may recommend the trial of the water, can only be remedied by a better knowledge on his part, and a consequently more positive instruction to the patient. These circumstances, joined to the fickleness of fashion, are probably the causes why those who have embarked their capital in the establishment of watering places, have hitherto met with very inadequate compensation. But we would fain console them with the anticipation of better times, when the utility of such of these places as stand the ordeal of investigation, comes to be better understood. Such springs are not sufficiently numerous in the United States to receive the crowds, that in the course of time must, with the increasing wealth and population of the country, augment upon them: nor, we will venture to predict, will any contributions be necessary, as in Germany, to prevent the casual diminution of visitors from proving ruinous to the proprietors.

In the list of watering places, Ballston and Saratoga, in the state of New York, are at present in most favour. Independent of the intrinsic merits of their waters, the delightful tour up the North river, with the contiguity to the enchantment of lake scenery, must always attract to them a crowd of invalids, as well as an overflow of gay visitors.

We know of no mineral springs to the southwest of Ballston and Saratoga, until we enter Pennsylvania, when Bristol, distant twenty miles, and the Yellow Springs thirty miles from Philadelphia, both chalybeates, present themselves. The waters of these springs, probably, do not possess qualities so extensively applicable to the diseases of our climate, as to lay the foundation of a certain resort of company. There is at the Yellow Springs, a remarkably cold bath, fed by the spring. But both Bristol and this place have dwindled into the second or third rank of watering places; aided, no doubt, in their decline, by the superior attraction of the sea bathing on the shores of Jersey, and the greater and cheaper facility of going thither, afforded by the steam boat navigation.

Advancing to the west, we approach the south spur of the Alleghany, and on the edge of what geologists call the *first primitive stratum of formation*, we find the York Springs, the subject of the present essay. At no place of the kind in the United States, is the instability of resort more exemplified than there, for it is sometimes crowded to excess, as whim may excite; at other times, almost deserted, as the public taste may have been biassed by the unceasing boasts of more novel and more active interest.

To the southwest of the York Springs, at a point where the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, may be simultaneously

beheld, is Berkely, or Bath, in Virginia. Bath is the most appropriate appellation; the water flowing so abundantly from the foot of the mountain, as to form superb baths of a pleasant temperature. The water is very light; contains some magnesia; and is said to possess a diuretic quality. Berkely is much frequented by the Virginians, and being convenient to the route to Bedford, presents a kind of stopping place to those who may have visited that place.

Beyond the second range of the Alleghany ridge, on the great Pennsylvania turnpike, is situated the recently discovered spring at Bedford; of which we have seen no perfect analysis. The rage for novelty has attracted uncommon numbers to the Bedford spring, and its success has been promoted by the mountain scenery, as well as the unusual exertions made to attract public attention. The water acts powerfully as a cathartic and diuretic.

Of the various mineral waters, situated along the same range of mountains, and in Virginia, little is known, except that they are greatly resorted to by the inhabitants of the southern states.

Seven miles from Trent, or Mount Holly Gap, in the south mountain, and on the turnpike road, leading from Baltimore to Carlisle, distant from the former 57, and from the latter, 15 miles, are situated the York springs, some account of which, is the purpose of the following dissertation.

The York springs, were so named, from having been situated in what was originally a part of York county; but they now lie in Adams county, which was taken from York and made into a separate county, in the year 1800. The northern line of Adams ranges along the foot of the south mountain; which, after traversing Virginia, Maryland, and west of Pennsylvania, loses itself in York county as it approaches the Susquehanna. This range of mountain furnishes ample food for research to the botanist, the mineralogist, and the natural philosopher; and on no part of it more than in the neighbourhood of the York springs. At the distance of twenty miles, the Antitum river, a considerable branch of the Potomac, rushes from a cleft in the mountain, forming at its source, and for several miles down, an unequalled trout stream. Several smaller creeks, such as the Yellow-Breeches, the Mountain-creek, Bermudian, Latimor, and Conewago, afford excellent trout and other fishing. The mountain abounds with deer and smaller game, and the lower grounds with pheasants, partridge, and woodcock. When to these attractions it is added, that fevers and agues are entire strangers to the York springs and its neighbourhood, and that the invalid can resort to them in safety, and use the water with equal efficacy at all seasons of the year, it is believed that it is saying more than can be urged in favour of any other watering place in the United States.

Philadelphia is distant about 106 miles east by south of the York springs. The route is through the fine counties of Chester, Lancaster and York; a range of cultivated country, not exceeded for wealth or beauty in our land. In another year, the turnpike now

constructing, from York to Gettysburg, will cross the Baltimore turnpike at 8 1-2 miles from the springs—so that the access from two principal cities, to this delightful and salutary spot, will soon be perfectly easy and safe. The invalid has no mountains to scale, but as he approaches this high range of country, he feels sensibly the invigorating influence of mountain air, without trembling at the anticipated fatigue of climbing those rugged ascents.

Descending the Baltimore road, the visitor comes suddenly on the springs, situated at the foot of a steep hill, with the Bermudian creek flowing in the centre of a narrow valley. The rural prospect is rendered more agreeable by the view on the one side, of an orchard, a meadow skirted by lofty trees, and an extensive garden of three acres, banked out from the incursions of the creek, and having at its head a neat range of warm baths; and on the other, by a native wood, whose inartificial shade bids defiance to the summer heats. There is scarcely to be found a spot, which at a moderate expense, could be made more beautiful; for nature has done much towards embellishing this place, which, rude as it is, the eye dwells on with increasing pleasure; and there are few persons, who have once visited the rural scenery of the York springs, who do not wish to see it again. There is just enough of cultivation, contrasted with the yet untamed forest, to please the taste of those who have fled for a while from the dust of the city. A mountain, a plain, a valley, a stream, present themselves in miniature: they harmonize with each other; they are all accessible, all, as it were, tangible without any great fatigue or exertion; and thence, perhaps, the sensible satisfaction their contemplation almost invariably inspires.

The principal mineral spring lies on the southeast side of the Bermudian, which flows immediately by the inclosure, and was originally a deer-lick. Within the recollection of many of the old neighbours, the white hunters, but little removed from their savage predecessors, lurked under the covert of the rocks and thickets immediately above the spring, to make sure of their unsuspecting victims, who, guided by unerring instinct, flocked to the pool, whose water they delighted in; and whose mud they licked for the salt it contained. The brutes belonging to civilized man, display this same avidity; crossing in numbers the clear flowing water of the creek, to reach the vent of the spring, where they are observed to drink in incredible quantities. It was this marked propensity, which induced John Fickes, Esq. one of the earliest owners to have the qualities of the water inquired into. Enough was ascertained, without a regular analysis, to show that it contained ingredients highly valuable for their medicinal effects. One poor ulcerated wretch, recorded his name and his gratitude upon a stone, and the country around viewed the spring with little less veneration than is bestowed on the far-famed relic of some Catholic shrine. And the reputation thus spontaneously bestowed, has been sustained with extraordinary success for upwards of forty years.

The water of the York sulphur spring possesses nothing of that nauseous taste, which makes it a task to drink that of many other mineral springs. It is exceedingly light and palatable, and although containing little or no fixed air, can be drank in extraordinary quantities. It has a slightly hepatic smell, observably affected by the state of the weather and the atmosphere. It operates commonly as a gentle cathartic, and a powerful diuretic. In cases where there is a surcharge of bile, it will cause nausea with consequent vomiting; and where there is reason to believe the stomach in that state, a little cathartic medicine may be necessary, before it is used. Commonly, about three weeks after it is drank liberally, it acts as a copious sudorific. The gravel has been relieved and removed by it in many instances—and that disease has been detected in an incipient state, where there had not been the slightest suspicion of its previous existence. Complaints arising from dyspepsia, and a deranged state of the biliary ducts, are generally corrected, and partially or wholly relieved. The liver complaint consequently, in its early stages, with a suitable diet, and plentiful use of this water, will be arrested in its course, and fully removed. The most confirmed deafness has been, in a few cases, considerably lessened. It is supposed that six persons out of ten, who drink the York spring water, expel large quantities of worms, and that too, in cases where medicine has failed to produce this effect. When it is reflected how great a proportion of the ills that human nature suffers under, are included in the above short list, we cannot sufficiently praise that providence which hath compounded and freely bestowed on mankind, so simple, yet so admirable a remedy. It has been supposed by some medical gentlemen, that the sufferings of consumption may be alleviated by the use of this water; and even this is some consolation to those who labour under that hopeless malady. To close the list, which is believed to be nothing exaggerated, the slimy deposit of the spring, has been found an excellent remedy for old ulcers and sores.

Recent experiments, by actual analysis, have produced the following result:

Sixteen ounces of the water contained 32 grains of saline matter, composed of sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and muriate of soda. On separation, their relative quantities we found to be,

Sulphate of magnesia,	(Epsom salt)	20
Sulphate of lime,	(Gypsum)	6
Muriate of soda,	(Common salt)	4
Loss in the separation,	- - -	2
		—32
or very nearly	Magnesia,	11
	Lime,	3
	Sulphuric acid,	12 grs.

consequently  $11 + 3 + 12 + 4 = 30$  grains: or, the proportion of the ingredients in one pint of the water.

Medical men will be enabled to judge by this extract from the analysis, made by Dr. Cutbush, how far the benefits to be derived from the use of the York spring water, may be correctly set forth in this essay. The writer, who, it may be perceived, is no physician, has witnessed enough of its salutary effects, to know that it is nothing magnified; but if any thing, rather less, than exceeding the truth.

Within a short distance of the old deer-lick, a chalybeate spring has been lately discovered and opened. On an analysis by judge Cooper, this water is found to contain 2 1-4 grains of iron in every pint. The experiment, after ascertaining the existence of this quantity of iron, left so trifling a residuum, as not to be worthy of notice. The discovery of this spring, ought certainly to enhance the reputation of the York springs as a watering place; although chalybeates are so common all over the country. It is, perhaps, when the usual period for drinking from the old spring, has been diligently employed, that the use of such a tonic may be found most salutary; and the invalid has at all events, the choice of springs.

Of the geographical situation of the York springs, notice has been already taken: it may be added, that they are surrounded by flourishing country towns and villages. Harrisburg the seat of government of the state, is situated about twenty-one miles to the east north-east. Carlisle fifteen miles north, Gettysburg thirteen miles south-west, Berlin six miles, Oxford nine miles, and Hanover fifteen miles south, and York, where congress sat for a short period during the revolutionary war, is nineteen miles distant to the east south-east.

It remains for us to give some account, (perhaps not the least interesting part of the essay to the larger part of those who visit watering places;) of the establishment in general at the York springs.

The former proprietors of this place, were not at all calculated to give it a just share of celebrity, by disseminating properly the knowledge of the virtues of the water: and they were equally deficient in affording those comforts indispensable to that class of persons usually visiting watering places. We speak of *comforts*; luxuries were out of the question. The palpable deficiencies on this important point, had been operating silently but steadily for several years prior to the purchase of the springs by the present owner, Mr. Lowry, and it is well known, that, after a character of that kind is conferred on any place of fashionable resort, it will take several years of assiduous attention and liberal hospitality to reacquire the ground which has been lost in the public estimation; more particularly where a proprietor, by whatever motive he may be actuated, does not take due pains to signify the change that is made, or to blazon forth his superior treatment of his guests, or better organization of his establishment. The present owner's backwardness on this head, has been injurious to his interest; and the public, would perhaps have been under obligations to him had he been less modest. The common rules of taverns, are inap-

plicable to establishments of this kind; which should possess all their convenience, with a much larger portion of comfort and retirement. It is with this view of the subject, that the York springs are conducted as boarding-houses, receiving only those who come to drink the waters; and not the casual traveller, with but occasional exceptions. The accommodations, in conformity, are opened in June, and closed in September. It is obvious that the conductor of such an establishment as the York springs; we may add any similar one, should be a person, who, possessing the manners and urbanity of a gentleman, has seen enough of polite life, and good cheer, to be able to apply to his visitors the rules of the first, as well as amply to gratify their just claims to the last; and perhaps we risk nothing in asserting that just such an one is the present proprietor. The system and order that Mr. Lowry has introduced into the boarding-houses have been justly admired, and he who would not be contented with the fare, would be more difficult to please than Epicurus himself.

There is a handsome billiard room, separate from the lodging houses. Also a reading room furnished with the daily papers, as well as a neat collection of books.

The eating room is fifty-two feet long by thirty feet in breadth, and the walls exhibit a collection of paintings executed in Paris, of various characters of the French revolution.

The drawing room, which is used as the ball room also, is thirty-seven feet long by twenty-five feet broad. And here it may be proper to remark, that at no watering place in the United States, is there generally, indeed almost invariably, to be met a society composed of more elegant materials, than is to be found at the York springs; and the best proof of it is the harmony and sociability for which they have hitherto been remarkable. K.

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ART. II.—*Translation from a late number of La Minerve Francaise.*

#### ON THE UNITED STATES.

**T**HE prosperity of the union makes rapid progress. Lately a colony, but now a nation—and rivalling the richest among nations—that country beholds no obstacles which it cannot overcome; no goal which it may not reach. Agriculture improves its territory; liberty augments its population; industry opens every ocean to its commerce. It is the country of all others where doctrines are best supported by interest; where they speak least of liberty, and yet where liberty is most secure. Elsewhere, men may be deceived by words; *there*, words have little value; eloquence, therefore, is seen with a rare simplicity, more solicitous to be understood than to be admired. The message of Mr. Monroe is a concise and rapid view of the political situation of the states; some things are merely touched upon—nothing is omitted. The prosperous state of the American finances is truly mortifying to those cabinets of Europe, that know only how to invent new imposts and raise new loans. The financial system of America is founded

on a very simple maxim—liberty and protection to the industry of every citizen, economy and watchfulness as to every expenditure of government. Accordingly, behold! her debt is almost liquidated; and her government requires neither taxes nor credit;—compare and judge.

Among the powers of Europe, there are but two that have important relations with the United States—England and Spain. The first is about to renew her treaty of commerce; the articles of which, it appears will not be materially changed, and will embrace all commercial arrangements, and decide the questions so long disputed, of impressment, the fisheries, and the boundary. The other appears to less advantage; Mr. Monroe asserts that Amelia island was not taken from the Spaniards, but from freebooters, who were not acknowledged by Spain, nor by Venezuela, nor by Buenos Ayres. He adds, as to the Floridas, that the United States are willing to restore Pensacola and St. Marks, as soon as the court of Madrid shall send thither a force sufficient to restrain the Indians. The condition is prudent; but for those who know the situation of that court, to make such a condition, is in effect a refusal. The president then adverts to America; he announces that the state of Illinois is added to the confederation, that the Indians have been restored to peace, some by treaties, and others by force of arms, and that those which had refused to submit, were not in a state to continue their resistance. The most interesting part of the discourse is on the subject of South America; Mr. Monroe promises to communicate to congress the observations which have been remitted to him by the commissioners sent to the southern republic. The war between Spain and the Patriots does not appear to him to be near to its conclusion.

The cabinet of Madrid had informed the United States, that their quarrel with the colonies would be decided by the European congress. But when Spain solicited reinforcements, the congress recommended means of reconciliation,—she desired an army, but received *advice*. Thus she finds herself in a contest with her colonies single handed; denied all foreign succour; abandoned to her own strength, and is about to present to the world the example of all that can be done, or all that cannot be done by despotic power in the nineteenth century. The war would have been ere now concluded, if rivalry among the leaders and the provinces did not prevent a general effort; if each state had not unfurled its particular banner, and if all the patriots of the south had rallied round the standard of the same liberty.

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ART. III.—*The Ocean Harp*: a Poem, in two Cantos, with some smaller pieces; and a Monody on the Death of John Syng Dorsey, M.D. By the author of 'Lord Byron's Farewell to England,' 'Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,' and other pieces. Philad. 1819.

**T**HE writer of these Poems, it appears from the publisher's advertisement, is a Mr. Agg; and we moreover gather from the

preface, that he is one of the many Englishmen, who are induced, by the suffering and oppressed condition of their own country, to seek a residence in ours. He announces himself also, it seems, as the author of certain poetical compositions, which indicated a considerable degree of talent, and acquired no small share of popularity and approbation.

His claims upon our hospitality as a stranger, voluntarily seeking an abode among us, are, therefore, attended by an equally unquestionable right to our courtesy and respect, as a poet of no despicable fame. His recent effusions will, on that account, be perused with every favourable prepossession which he could desire, and if they happen not to be admired, the fault must surely be in the poetry, not in the readers.

But we cannot pass over the 'preliminary advertisement,' prefixed to the poems, without a reluctant comment on the extraordinary avowal which it contains, of conduct which, however leniently it may be regarded by the British public, we hope will never be considered venial among the literary men of America.

We are told that the 'Farewell to England,' was produced as a speculative anticipation of that which was expected from the 'pen of Lord Byron.' And its publication in its present form, was the consequence of a kindly intended, but *perhaps* censurable officiousness on the part of one of these friends to whom it was communicated, and who put it to press *without the knowledge of the author*.

The literary public in this country, would have no hesitation in pronouncing that 'officiousness' highly 'censurable,' which should take such unwarrantable liberty with the name of an author, as to annex it to the work of another. The excessive zeal of indiscreet friends, however, is very easily forgiven. But did Mr. A. repair the fault by a candid disavowal? His own account is this: 'That the flattering reception which it met with, should, afterwards, have prevented him from removing the film from the public eye, and from claiming his own, was, perhaps in no wise, extraordinary. Neither lord Byron nor his friends disowned it; no rival production appeared to destroy its authenticity, nor to check its progress; it was called for extensively, and read with avidity; and, in a French garb, it was honoured with the approbation of the Parisian critics. Subdued by the armour of Achilles, the Trojan hosts rushed from the sword of Patroclus:—the critics, blinded by the borrowed splendour of Byron's name, dropped their feathered lances, and relinquished to the author of this effusion, a triumph to which he had no moral pretension.'

It is much to be wished that the system of using lord Byron's name at the hazard of injuring his character, had ceased here. But in the same year, the 'Pilgrimage' was sent forth with the same falsehood impressed on it. It was published with the words, 'by lord Byron,' in conspicuous capitals on the title page. The 'armour of Achilles' was found so convenient, that his modern 'Patroclus' again assumed it. But with this striking difference

from the Grecian hero, that the consent of 'Achilles' was not previously obtained. The unfairness of making lord Byron's reputation suffer for all the sins of the 'Pilgrimage' is manifest. But Mr. Agg says 'it was not his doing. It was not until the appearance of the poem in public, that the author discovered he had been a second time made the instrument of a deception in which his will had taken no part.' Still, however, although lord Byron was then absent from England, 'the author' chose to remain perfectly silent, and thus to render himself, willingly and intentionally, an *accessary after the fact*, in the 'deception' so injurious to the reputation of the illustrious bard. Mr. Murray, the respectable bookseller in London, who usually publishes lord Byron's poems, now thought it was necessary to interfere, and 'stimulated by a laudable desire to vindicate his noble patron's fame,' obtained an injunction from the lord Chancellor, 'in consequence of which the name of lord Byron was expunged from all the subsequent editions.'

The novelty of this proceeding obtained extraordinary celebrity for the poem; and the author relates, that the 'success of the production kept pace with the march of curiosity,' &c. but attempts not the slightest apology for the course which he pursued on the occasion.

If some poetaster, as much inferior to Mr. A. as he is to lord Byron, should think fit to publish (in the Port Folio or elsewhere), a very dull effusion, recommended to public curiosity by the name of 'Mr. Agg,' an analogy would be supplied of a much closer nature to the proceedings detailed in the 'preliminary advertisement' than can be discovered in the story of the armour of Achilles. Not that the 'Pilgrimage' is by any means a despicable production—it is, on the contrary, a very *pretty* poem—although entirely unworthy of the genius of lord Byron. And so striking was the inferiority, that the then editor of this journal, so long ago as May, 1817, before Mr. Murray's application for the injunction was known here, expressed an opinion,\* that although a work of considerable merit, it could not be lord Byron's.

But what is most unfortunate in this 'preliminary advertisement' is, that the author endeavours to stigmatize Mr. Rogers, the well known author of the Pleasures of Memory, with the commission of the same sort of artifice.

'Without unnecessary amplification, it may be permitted to the author to add to this statement that the poem entitled "Jacqueline," which is also published in the works of lord Byron, is the production of Mr. Rogers, to whose pen the world is also indebted for "The Pleasures of Memory." This fraud upon the public, most probably originated with the bookseller of lord Byron; who, with a view to place it at a still greater distance from detection, included the fiction alluded to, in the volume which contained "Lara;" in order that, being united in their birth and their form,

\* *Analectic Magazine* for May, 1817, p. 397.

they might be passed upon mankind as the offspring of one muse. There was a manifest disingenuousness in this proceeding, which offers a fair set-off to the deception practised on society by the publisher of the "Farewell to England," the "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," and the three minor pieces.'

We do not understand how any misconduct of Mr. Rogers or his bookseller, could be a 'set-off' to the deception practised in the publication of Mr. Agg's poems—since a bad example is no justification, at least not until that example has become so general as to have received the tacit pardon of the world. But the fact is not as stated in the quotation above. *Jacqueline*, it is true, was printed originally in the same volume with *Lara*, and there is no doubt that the one is from the pen of Mr. Rogers, and the other from that of lord Byron; but they were both published anonymously; and therefore, as no name was annexed to either, there was as much reason given, by their being united in one volume, to suppose them both by Mr. Rogers as by lord Byron. And as if to prevent the possibility of 'deception' or mistake, an advertisement was prefixed, which being very short and explicit, we copy, as follows:

'The reader of *Lara* may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that recently appeared: whether the cast of the hero's character, the turn of his adventures, and the general outline and colouring of the story may not encourage such a supposition, shall be left to his determination. To his conjecture is also referred the name of the writer, the knowledge of which would be of no service in assisting his decision on the failure or success of the attempt.

'The poem of *Jacqueline* is the production of a different author, and is added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and intreaty it was, that it should occupy the first page of the following volume; and he regrets that the tenacious courtesy of his friend would not permit him to place it where the judgment of the reader, concurring with his own, will suggest its more appropriate station.'

The charge against Mr. Rogers and his 'bookseller' is, therefore, entirely groundless.

The 'Ocean Harp' is a long poem, containing, with the introductions to each canto, nearly three thousand lines; its highest merit is prettiness, and *that*, it possesses throughout its whole *expanse*; and its heaviest fault is insipidity, which it owes to the extreme monotony of the versification and style, and the total want of *plot* and dramatic effect.

The first canto contains the reflections of an emigrant from England while on board the ship which brings him away; comprising his farewell to that country, and a prolonged enumeration of the grievances which those must suffer who remain behind.—The second is the approach to America; a long eulogy on our institutions and national character, and particular tributes of praise

to a few of the American worthies. This plan is too abstract to be interesting, and the descant of ORLANDO (*scilicet*, the bard), has little variety or novelty.—At the same time, the versification is very smooth and natural, and shows the author to possess a most dangerous facility in rhyming. A facility that is but too apt to lead into a tedious paraphrase of very common-place ideas, and very trite observations.

The introduction to canto I commences with a description of a moonlight night at sea.

‘ There is a spell of beauty on the deep—  
A soothing, silent, solitary charm,  
That chains th’ imprisoned waters in their keep—  
Of ocean’s God, as if the viewless arm  
Dropp’d on her curv’d and crystal architrave  
And shed a torpid terror o’er the wave.—

There is a chastness of repose—  
A breathlessness—which midnight throws  
Athwart such scene, when breezes fail,  
And idly flaps the shivering sail—  
When stars and planets lend their light  
T’ extend the loneliness of night,  
And lead the wand’ring, wearied eye,  
To lose it in eternity—  
A tranquil holiness, whose birth  
Disdains the slightest kin of earth—  
Like that sweet dream of rest which plays  
Around the drooping christian’s gaze,  
When death hath cast his hideousness  
And wears the countenance of peace—  
That bounds the close of life’s dull even,  
And fills the interval to Heaven.  
Oh gross of soul!—whose sensual taste,  
’Midst such illimitable waste  
Beholds no banquet—in whose breast  
So feebly was the God imprest,  
That impulses, divinely fair,  
Wither in vile abortions there!  
Be his that avarice of strife  
Which bends him to the yoke of life;  
The starry noon, the boundless sea  
Are rapture, wealth, and life, to me;  
My spirit wakes when others sleep,  
Rife are my joys when others weep.  
Lit by ethereal lamps I rise,  
Fancy my wing, my path the skies;  
Sail with the Pleiades round yon arch,  
Mix in the planetary march,  
And deem such maniac moments reign  
Outweighs an age of grovelling pain.’

This is all very pretty, but it is continued through three more pages, and becomes very tiresome; the hero is then introduced:

‘ So calm, so lovely was the night,  
The ocean seem’d a realm of light,  
Back in such silver groups it gave,  
The stars that kiss’d its mirror wave:

No trilling tide—no swell was seen  
To break its calm, continuous green,  
But mild as new-born infancy,  
The midnight wizard trod the sea.  
On the lone poop—the lyre unstrung  
Which loosely o'er his shoulder hung—  
Orlando paus'd, to watch afar  
A light—'twas redder than a star—  
On ocean's verge it seem'd to lie  
Just where the surface meets the sky;  
A beacon-blaze!—its lustres fell,  
In eloquence of light to tell,  
The Briton's "welcome" and 'farewell.'  
Glancing from England's latest strand,  
It told the limit of the land;  
And there the wanderer's hope and heart  
Felt all the ties of habit part,  
The smile of kindred-friends decay,  
And half life's vision melt away,  
A tear of weakness—'twas the last,  
A tribute to enjoyment past—  
A trophy-gem, from passion's broil  
Stern Memory's solitary spoil—  
Just dimm'd the ardour of his eye,  
Just 'woke the sympathetic sigh;  
A moment swell'd—but wither'd soon  
Like spring-drop in the beam of noon—  
A flash of soul—a thought of flame—  
A glory from the meteor fame,  
Play'd round his heart, and soaring higher,  
Sublim'd it to a glance of fire.'

'No more the ruddy beacon throws  
Its glance o'er ocean's wide repose,  
Swiftly its lingering light recedes,  
From the last cape the vessel speeds,  
And thus Orlando pours the lay,  
As the bark cuts the rising spray.'

The preliminary arrangements being thus made, the poem proceeds, and the first page will supply a fair specimen of the general style and manner.

'Last of my native land, whose distant steep  
Shines through the night, and triumphs o'er the deep—  
Last of the isle I lov'd till apes of God  
Bestrode the soil, and wither'd where they trod—  
Like the fiend-foot, whose scathe, where'er it trac'd,  
Burnt up the glade, and stamp'd eternal waste—  
Now as yon lessening light dissolves from view,  
Receive my plaint, my pity, and adieu!

'Ye mountain sides, array'd in gorgeous green,  
Where once the form of Liberty was seen—  
And where, in some lone dell's neglected shade,  
In later times the truant-goddess stray'd,  
Nursing her faded hopes, till CHARLOTTE's reign  
Should give them grace and energy again—  
'Till as the dirge of death in mournful sound,  
Oppress'd the breeze and shook the dingles round,

Scar'd at the knell, her tatter'd robe she caught  
 And wildly shrieking, vanish'd from the spot—  
 Ye darkling woods and animated plains  
 Where Nature triumphs o'er a realm in chains—  
 Ye golden corn-fields, whence the noontide ray  
 Borrows a splendour to enhance the day,  
 And, in the broad meridian of his might,  
 Takes back in mellowness his loans of light—  
 Why still, like cluster'd pleasures, loth to part,  
 Hangs your rich imagery round my heart?  
 Why, as the clasping tendrils thence I tear,  
 Start forth new shoots to curl and conquer there?  
 A day once dawn'd—a morn without a cloud—  
 When of his English breed the boor was proud—  
 A day once dawn'd—when Slavery's baleful name  
 Stood lowest in the lexicon of shame;  
 And sordid tyrants, bearded by the brave,  
 What they refus'd to right, to vigour gave—  
 Night came—the glory of the land pass'd by,  
 And mangled Freedom sought a kinder sky!"

The following extract from the second canto, comprises one of the most pleasing passages:—

' Shall Penn be unremember'd?—He, whose word  
 Outstripp'd the reeking triumphs of the sword?  
 Whose tones, like his—Apollo's gifted child—  
 Subdu'd impervious woods, and green'd the wild—  
 Shall he, at whose command the forest rung  
 To axe and wedge, unhonour'd and unsung,  
 Beneath the soil he grac'd, like meaner clay,  
 To dull forgetfulness dissolve away?  
 No—if the warrior's chaplet steep'd in tears,  
 Bloom bright along the wilderness of years,  
 How lovelier far the coronet, whose leaf  
 Nor dying streams bedew'd, nor living grief.  
 The sterner spirits of the land may come,  
 To pay their homage at the soldier's tomb;  
 But all the milder virtues, train'd to love  
 The haunts of peace;—in solitary grove,  
 In sylvan bow'r, or round the brook which pours  
 Its murmuring stream, through labyrinths of flow'rs,  
 Chanting their carols of content—shall raise  
 To pure Philanthropy a nobler praise.  
 For what avail the triumphs bought with blood?  
 Disease infects their fame! Deep in the bud  
 The laurel bears a mildew that will feed  
 Upon the doer's glory, through the deed.  
 But they who win by courtesy, oppress—  
 Destroy—usurp not!—them no fatherless—  
 No houseless—spouseless—hope in brawn and chine  
 Cut through, to gorge war's reeking libertine—  
 In anguish imprecate! no boundless wild  
 Unpeopled, once where Man and Nature smil'd,  
 Opens their path to greatness! Virgin Spring  
 Her fragrant first-fruits thither speeds to bring  
 Where Penn reposes—for his fingers trac'd  
 A way for Beauty in the charmless waste;  
 Swift at his voice, through channels clos'd till now,  
 The tides of social life began to flow,  
 And where eternal shades had held control,  
 Broke forth the morn—the majesty of soul!"

The 'Monody' is not in good taste; a part of it is much the reverse, and is worthy of neither its subject nor its author. The smaller pieces included in the volume, are passable, but not remarkable.

The 'Ocean Harp,' it may be said, in a comparison with late British poems, ranks with the 'Wallace' of Miss Holford, 'Constance de Castile,' and many other 'sweet pretty poems,' not fated to be immortal. And among the late American poems (of which we certainly cannot boast), it will hold a respectable, but not distinguished station.

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ART. IV.—*Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times.*  
By Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.  
8vo. pp. 264. 8s. 6d. Murray. 1818.

[From the British Critic.]

**T**HIS is a very entertaining little volume; the MS. from which it is published was met with in France, in the possession of two ladies, relatives of the writer, Dr. King. From sundry little corrections in it, there can scarcely be any doubt that it was intended by him for publication; and there is every reason to suppose, from a comparison with documents still existing in the college of which he was principal, that it is in his own hand writing. Our readers, perhaps, are as little acquainted with Dr. William King as we ourselves were; and we shall therefore make no apology for abridging the account of him, (extracted from Chalmer's Biography) which is prefixed to the present publication.

Dr. William King was the son of a clergyman, and born at Stepney, in 1685. He was educated at Salisbury, and graduated in the law line at Baliol college, Oxford. After having been secretary to two chancellors of the university, the duke of Ormond, and the earl of Arran, he was made principal of St. Mary's Hall, in 1718; in 1722 he stood an unsuccessful contest for the University, and on his disappointment retired to Ireland; during his stay in which country he privately printed a political satire, entitled, 'The Toast,' it bore the name of Scheffer, a Laplander, as its author, and that of Peregrine O'Donald, Esq. as its translator; and is supposed to have been directed at the countess of Newberg. When the Radcliffe Library was dedicated in the year 1749, he delivered an oration in the theatre, of which Warton speaks in terms of the very highest commendation in the Triumphs of Isis. His enemies, however, on the other hand, taxed it with barbarous latinity, disaffection, and licentiousness; indeed his well known political principles, and intimate connexion with the Jacobites, rendered him, during his whole life, a favourite mark for pamphleteering libellers. He was the avowed author of several very humorous pieces in Latin, and of a volume called 'The Dreamer.' He was said to be the writer of the chief articles in 'The London Evening Post,' and he edited the first five volumes of Dr. South's Sermons. As a

wit, a polite scholar, and an elegant and easy writer, he was well known and distinguished in his own times. He died in 1763, having composed his own epitaph, which we remember to have seen and admired very often before, and which is inserted at the end of the volume.

These memoirs, if such they may be called, appear to have been put together from time to time during the eight last years of his life: they relate to many interesting occurrences, 'quorum pars magna fuit,' and therefore may probably be relied upon for authenticity. They have a good deal of gossip, *à la Montaigne*, and are interwoven with his own thoughts and opinions on morals and politics. These, as we shall see in their turn, are so many prefaces to illustrative anecdotes.

Presence of mind, he tells us, is so rare a quality, that in the whole course of his life he recollects but three persons who possessed it in an eminence: the earl of *Stairs*, (we know not why throughout the book the earl of *Stair* is so misnamed) Dr. *Monro*, the physician of *Bethlem* hospital, and bishop *Atterbury*.

'In 1715 I dined with the duke of *Ormonde* at *Richmond*. We were fourteen at table. There was my lord *Marr*, my lord *Jersey*, my lord *Arran*, my lord *Lansdown*, sir *William Wyndham*, sir *Redmond Everard*, and *Atterbury*, bishop of *Rochester*. The rest of the company I do not exactly remember. During the dinner there was a jocular dispute (I forget how it was introduced) concerning short prayers. Sir *William Wyndham* told us, that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier just before the battle of *Blenheim*, "*O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!*" This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least very improper, where a learned and religious prelate was one of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. *Atterbury*, seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to sir *William Wyndham*, said "Your prayer, sir *William*, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, '*O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do thou not forget me!*' " This, as *Atterbury* pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company. And the duke of *Ormonde*, who was the best bred man of his age' suddenly turned the discourse to another subject.' p. 7.

We have heard many extraordinary instances of the powers of memory, and for the most part we disbelieve them. We are not inclined to give more credit to the assertion of cardinal *Polignac*, that *Le Clerc* after a single hearing, was enabled to carry away with him the 150 verses of *Anti-Lucretius*, which he printed in the *Bibliothèque Choisie*; in this case memory could only act as a kind

of mental short hand, a science as difficult of acquisitions as that of playing a game of whist without a pack of cards.

The reply of the regent Orleans to the duke d'Ahremberg, who had petitioned for a commutation of the punishment of the wheel in the case of his relative count Horn, is well known. St. Simon has given another answer on the same subject equally creditable to this prince. When it was suggested to him this detestable assassin was connected with the house of Orleans by ties of consanguinity, he observes, '*Quand on a du mauvais sang il faut se le faire tirer.*' Without giving implicit credit to all the enormities which Le Grange-Chancel has attributed to the duke of Orleans, in his celebrated *Philippiques*, this prince will have enough to answer for; but at a time in which '*les droits de la noblesse,*' were identified with '*les droits des nations et de société,*' it is no slight honour to him to have exposed himself, from a sense of strict justice, to the enmity of one of the most powerful families in Europe. St. Simon did all he could to magnify the danger, and the regent seemed to assent; but Horn the next day expired with infamy on the wheel.

The custom of giving vails is in our days happily extinct: though not without some danger of a '*servile war,*' and convulsions below stairs. My lord Poor always excused himself when the duke of Ormond invited him to dinner. His income would not afford the necessary demand upon his pocket: and when the duke expostulated with him on his frequent refusals, he honestly confessed as much; '*if your grace will put a guinea into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honour of waiting on you.*' The duke did so, and my lord Poor was often a guest at his table. My lord Taaffe perhaps did still better; he followed his company to the door, and if they attempted to fee the servants, he addressed them in broken English, '*if you do give, give it to me, for it was I that did buy the dinner.*'

We do not remember to have heard the following bon mot of Charles II before, and yet it is too good and too just to be forgotten. One morning the king had strolled into Hyde Park with two attendants only, when he met the duke of York on his return from hunting, escorted by a party of guards. The duke expressed some surprize to see his majesty with so small an attendance, and hinted that he thought him exposed to some danger. '*No kind of danger at all James,*' said the king with a smile, '*for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king.*' His majesty was right; there was indeed but little choice between the two brothers.

Lord Hardwicke, when chancellor, set the same value on half-a-crown though worth 800,000*l.* as he did when he was worth 100*l.* The great duke of Marlborough would walk from the rooms at Bath to his lodgings in a cold dark night to save sixpence in chair-hire. Sir James Lowther, who had 40,000*l.* per annum, and knew not where to look for an heir, after changing a piece of silver, and paying two-pence, for a dish of coffee at George's Coffee-

House. would drive home, and return again to tell the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half-penny. These are odd instances of avarice, but the following is yet more strange, and more degrading to our nature.

'Sir William Smyth of Bedfordshire, who was my kinsman, when he was near seventy, was wholly deprived of his sight: he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the oculist, who by agreement was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight: Taylor succeeded in his operation, and sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and sir William perceived the good effects of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance therefore now was how to cheat the oculist: he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing perfectly; for that reason the bandage on his eye was continued a month longer than the usual time: by this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas: for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practise to save his money. Sir William was an old bachelor, and at the time Taylor couched him had a fair estate in land, a large sum of money in the stocks and not less than 5000 or 6000 in his house.' p. 104.

How difficult is it even for a good scholar to pronounce with certainty upon nice points in a foreign language! A political satire which Dr. King published in 1738, '*Miltonis Epistola ad Polliorem*,' was severely criticized. Maittaire, who was referred to, marked eleven expressions as unclassical Latin; these were communicated in a letter to the author, who by return of post produced authorities for nine of them out of Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus; and the next day found the remaining two. Maittaire not long before, had published new editions of these very poets, and throughout his life had been employed as an index-maker to the classics. Squire, a Cambridge man, did the same thing on another occasion; he spent three or four pages in a criticism on the Radcliffe oration, to prove, that '*fortiter et constanter sentire*,' was neither Latin nor sense; that is, that Cicero, from whom (as Squire did not know) the expression was borrowed, could write neither one nor the other.

Dr. King had some whimsical acquaintance, as the two following stories will evince.

'I. G. my old acquaintance, and one Mr. E. of Bristol, both single men, and in good health and good circumstances, agreed to travel together for three or four years, and visit all the countries of Europe: for that purpose they provided themselves with passports, bills of exchange, letters of credit and recommendation, &c. About six or seven days after they set out, they arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and a partridge; they disputed long which of the birds should be cut up first, and with so

much heat and animosity, that if they had not both been gentlemen of a *well-tempered* courage, this silly dispute might have terminated as unhappily as the affair at the *Grecian* coffee-house. To such an height however the quarrel arose, that they did not only renounce their new design of travelling, but all friendship and correspondence; and the next morning they parted, and returned to *England*, one by the way of *Calais*, and the other through *Holland*. About half a year afterwards I happened to be in I. G.'s company; I asked him whether what I heard was true, that he and E—ton had agreed to make the tour of Europe together, but had unfortunately quarrelled the first week about cutting up a woodcock and a partridge. “*Very true,*” says he, “*and did you ever know such an absurd fellow as E—ton, who insisted on cutting up a woodcock before a partridge?*”’ p. 118.

‘About the year 1706, I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible well-natured man, possessed of an estate of 700*l.* or 800*l.* per annum: he married a young lady of good family in the west of England, her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to *Holland*, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him, or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with her some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Bird-cage Walk, in St. James’s Park. When she had read her billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, “You see brother,” said she, “as old as I am, I have got a gallant.” Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe’s hand-writing: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away; however, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Bird-cage Walk: they had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends, and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn-street, near St. James’s church; he went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man),

he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time: but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an act of parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead: this act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and upon examining his papers, in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants, and the expenses of her housekeeping; and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn-street to a little house in Brewer-street, near Golden square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they eat, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sate and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct; apparently, there was none: but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it.' p. 237.

The anecdotes which we have hitherto extracted, are for the most part simply entertaining; the account, however, which Dr. King gives of the character of the Pretender, and more particularly his relation of the folly, to give the thing a very soft name, by which he estranged all his most devoted adherents from any further interest in his cause, contain matter for history. As Dr. King

was personally intimate with prince Charles, and deeply in the confidence of all those who persisted in their allegiance to his unfortunate family, the following extract will, we think, be read with interest. It is long, but the importance of the subject and the novelty of the anecdotes related in it, will render it unnecessary to apologize, for giving the account at length, and in our author's own words. In September 1750, Dr. King received a note from lady Primrose, who desired immediately to see him. He waited upon her, and was led into her dressing-room, and presented to prince Charles who had hazarded a journey to England, in furtherance of some scheme, which like most of his other schemes, was soon discovered to be impracticable. After remaining in London five days, he returned to the continent. Dr. King in relating this circumstance, takes occasion to give us the following character of the prince, together with a narrative of the particular fact which ruined him for ever, in the opinion of his party.

'I am perhaps as well qualified as any man in England to draw a just character of him; and I impose this task on myself not only for the information of posterity, but for the sake of many worthy gentlemen whom I shall leave behind me, who are at present attached to his name, and who have formed their ideas of him from public report, but more particularly from those great actions which he performed in Scotland. As to his person, he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing perhaps to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has an handsome face and good eyes; (I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen;) but in a polite company he would not pass for a genteel man. He hath a quick apprehension, and speaks *French, Italian, and English*, the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest, very little care seems to have been taken of his education. He had not made the belles letters or any of the finer arts his study, which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must have always had in that nursery of all the elegant and liberal arts and sciences. But I was still more astonished, when I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of *England*, in which he ought to have been early instructed. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the most odious part of his character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be argued in his vindication, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; but nevertheless his purse should be always open, as long as there is any thing in it to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles the second, during his banishment, would

have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman with two thousand Louis-dors in his strong box pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded. Two Frenchmen, who had left every thing to follow his fortune, who had been sent as couriers through half Europe, and executed their commissions with great punctuality and exactness, were suddenly discharged without any faults imputed to them, or any recompense for their past service. To this spirit of avarice may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependents, very unbecoming a great prince, and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if ever he acquired sovereign power. Sir J. Harrington, and Col. Goring, who suffered themselves to be imprisoned with him, rather than desert him, when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour. But there is one part of his character, which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland, he had a mistress, whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction, who were attached to him, were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore they dispatched a gentleman to *Paris*, where the prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand; and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence, and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and in short that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal; yet he continued inflexible, and all M'Namara's intreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara staid in *Paris* some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the prince into a better temper, but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he

passed out "what has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" It is worthy of remark, that in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Mrs. Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. When M'Namara, returned to London, and reported the prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends, than part with an harlot, whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed.' p. 198.

After the many extracts which we have now made from this little volume, it is unnecessary to recommend it to the reader; for he can judge for himself of its merits. The fact is, that the only fault the book has, is its shortness; and this is a fault of so very uncommon a nature, now-a-days, that we note it down merely for its novelty. The book is published in a cheap form, as all books of light reading ought to be.

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ART. V.—*Memoir of James Montgomery*, Author of the 'West Indies,' 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' 'The World before the Flood,' &c.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

**MR. MONTGOMERY** was the eldest son of a Moravian minister; he was born November 4, 1771, at Irvine, a small seaport in Ayrshire, North Britain. He was not, however, fated, for any length of time, to inhale the same air as his countryman, Robert Burns; for at four years of age he accompanied his parents to Ireland, where for a short period they resided at Gracehill, in the county of Antrim. In the course of the following year he was brought over to England, and placed, for the purpose of education, (thus deprived in his infancy of a father's care and a mother's tenderness), at Fulnick, a Moravian seminary in Yorkshire, in order, as it appears, to enable his mother to accompany his father, about to preach the gospel to the poor benighted negroes in the West Indies, where they both fell sacrifices to the malignity of the climate, (the one in the island of Barbadoes, and the other in Tobago), leaving three infant orphan children to the protection of the God to whose service their lives had been devoted. To the place of his birth, and the sacrifices to faith and duty which his parents made, Montgomery has thus alluded in his 'Departed Days:—

'The loud Atlantic Ocean  
 On Scotland's rugged breast  
 Rocks with harmonious motion  
 His weary waves to rest;  
 And gleaming round her emerald isles,  
 In all the pomp of sunset smiles:—  
 On that romantic shore  
 My parents hailed their first-born boy:  
 A mother's pangs my mother bore,  
 My father felt a father's joy:  
 My father!—mother!—parents!—are no more!  
 Beneath the Lion star, they sleep  
 Beyond the western deep;  
 And when the Sun's noon glory crests the waves,  
 He shines without a shadow on their graves.'

In the peaceful walks of Fulnick, he passed the following ten years. During that period he was instructed in Latin, Greek, German, and French; and (like the rest of his schoolfellows) was as carefully secluded from all commerce with the world, as if he had been immured in a cloister; and perhaps he never once conversed for ten minutes with any person whatever, except his schoolmates and masters, or occasional Moravian visitors! To a mind so exquisitely tender as that Montgomery possesses from nature, a life so monastic and monotonous was dangerous; and it is not at all unlikely that the peculiar views which these good people take of the christian revelation, have added much to the indulged melancholy of his imagination. Of the domestic economy of the seminary, of the exercise and amusements in which the children were indulged, or the plan pursued in giving them scholastic information, it is not necessary to enlarge; but the key-note to which the muse of Montgomery has adapted her harmony, may be found in the religious tone and peculiar expression of the days he spent at Fulnick; for there, every thing that he did, he was instructed to do for the love of Jesus Christ, the second person in the Trinity, whom the Moravians always address as if he were the *first*: offering up their prayers *to*, and not *through* him, whose sufferings in the flesh are their constant and everlasting theme, and whom the pupils are taught to regard in the amiable and endearing light of a friend and a brother.

This system must have had peculiar charms to an ardent and feeling mind like that of Montgomery: and as the seeds of poesy which nature had sown, began to germinate, it is no wonder that the hymns peculiarly used by the Moravians, so full of warm and animated expressions, of tender complaints, of unbounded love, and such lofty aspirations should be his delight; or that, as soon as his preceptors had taught him to write and to spell, he should try to imitate them; and, indeed, such was the effect produced by these overbearing causes, that before he was ten years of age he had filled a little volume with sacred poems of his own composing.

That these juvenile verses were similar in style and construction to the hymns he daily read and heard, may be well imagined, when

it is considered, that, at the time he wrote them, he was unacquainted with any of the great English poets; for so careful were the teachers to preserve the minds of their pupils from any possible contagion, that on the father of one of the boys sending a volume of poems, selected as the choicest, for their moral and religious sentiments, from Milton, Thomson, and Young, the book was carefully examined by one of the masters, and pruned of its unprofitable passages. When the paternal present came to the boy's hand, he had the mortification to find it mutilated and imperfect, many leaves clipt out, and many more in a mangled state! Notwithstanding this extreme care, our youthful Tyro contrived, by degrees, by secretly borrowing, and reading books by stealth, to add to his stock of poetical ideas: for before he was twelve years old, he had filled two more volumes with his verses; and before he was fourteen, he had composed a mock heroic poem, in three books, which contained more than a thousand lines in imitation of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*.

The praises which his efforts called forth, from those of his friends to whom he showed the effusions of his muse, fired his imagination. He saw in its perspective, the banner of fame which posterity would willingly wave over his memory; and he planned and began many an epic poem, in which his youthful fancy, whilst he was employed in writing its exordium, would discern immortality. These, however, in their turn, were all discarded for newly presented and more perfect subjects. At length he stumbled upon one which he thought worthy of all the energies of his sanguine mind, at fifteen years of age—the wars in the reign of ALFRED THE GREAT. His ambition, and the temerity of childhood, (for with all his aspirations after fame, he was a child in years, and still more in simplicity of manners, and ignorance of the world), prevented the mighty subject from appalling him; and his want of experience producing temerity, he determined upon quitting the beaten track of heroic poetry, and pursuing his discovery of a new and original path. The books of his poem were to consist of Pindaric odes, in which the story was to be conveyed; conceiving it possible to unite all the magnificence and sublimity of the epic with the glowing enthusiasm of the Pindaric. This was truly boyish daring; but it was the daring of a boy of genius.

However, like many of the preceding plans which had floated in the fertile brain of the nestling poet, Alfred was never matured, though he persevered in it till he had completed two books, which contained about twenty Pindaric odes. It is not probable than any of them are now in existence. The matured taste of their author has, in all probability, long ago consigned them to oblivion: but the spirit which imagined them, will command admiration from every one capable of entering with recollected feelings into the conceptions of a youthful enthusiast. The first scintillations of genius are valuable to those best able to estimate the gem, when it has attained the polish of experience; and even the still-born

progeny of such an intellect as that of Montgomery, which were conceived before his strength was able to bring them to maturity, must be interesting. To prove that they were so, the writer of this brief memoir feels happy in recollecting what he was once told, on undoubted authority, was the subject of the first and second odes of the contemplated poem already mentioned. It commenced whilst Alfred was in the isle of Athelney, disguised as a peasant, and the first ode opened with a description of the Almighty seated upon his throne, looking down and commiserating the ruins of England, when a host of the spirits of Englishmen, who had just perished in a battle with the Danes, appeared in his presence to receive their eternal doom! These spirits described the state of their country, and implored the Sovereign of the Universe to interpose and deliver it from despotism. Such was the opening of the juvenile epic! It was a fearless flight! And though it fell abortive, the boldness of the conception must have convinced the conductors of the Fulnick academy, that their pupil was of no common fashion; and that the 'heaven born flights' of his imagination would, at some future period, when it was tempered by judgment, reflect no little lustre on the character of a christian minister of their peculiar faith; for which, at that time, he was designed: but, like his own *Javan*, in the 'World before the Flood,'

'Meanwhile, excursive fancy long'd to view  
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;  
The joys of freedom were his daily themes,  
Glory the secret of his midnight dreams;—  
That dream he told not, tho' his heart would ache:—'

For, like the Spartan boy, who having stolen a fox, and hidden it under his cloak, rather chose to let the animal tear out his bowels, than discover his theft, he kept his anxious aspirations after fame a secret, till the change which became visible in his health and disposition betrayed it. In vain the worthy superiors strove to bring back their pupil to the train of thought, and placidity of mind most proper for a divinity student. Every means was tried to bring him back to that serious sense which would best resist the love of fame, and repress his incessant longings after the world; of which, at this time, (to use his own words, when, many years afterwards, he was speaking on this subject) he was 'almost as ignorant as he was of the mysteries beyond the grave.' Yet his thoughts were constantly fixed upon the picture which his imagination had drawn; and except in contemplating the air-built castles which he was continually erecting in his mind,

'. . . . 'No delight the minstrel's bosom knew,  
None, save the tones that from his harp he drew,  
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,  
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,  
Frail as the clouds of sun-set, and as fair,  
Pageants of ligh, resolving into air.'

At last, the Moravian brethren, finding it impossible to cure the disease which sunk deeper and deeper into his heart, abandoned their long cherished hope of seeing him a minister; and he was placed, with a view to an apprenticeship, with a very worthy man of the same religious persuasion, who kept a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield. He was treated with the greatest tenderness whilst he remained in this situation: but the business making only a small demand on his time, he indulged in day-dreams, in which he saw the world and its honours depicted in vivid colours; that world into which, in reality, he had as yet scarcely advanced a single step. With his mind continually brooding on one point, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that after he had been at Mirfield about a year, and as he was not an artiled apprentice, knowing that he could not be forced back, contrary to his own wishes, and at an age when remote consequences are not taken into calculation, or obvious probabilities into contemplation, he determined to quit his situation; and with the clothes on his back, a single change of linen, and three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, he carried his design into effect, leaving behind him a letter to his employer, in which he detailed the uneasiness of his mind, and gave a promise that he should be heard from again in a few days. 'Thus,' to use his own words to a friend, 'at the age of sixteen, set out James Montgomery to begin the world.' As he advanced towards the busy scene, he found that the picture conceived by his imagination was far from being correct in its outline, and much overcharged with colour: in short, he found the world very unlike what he had figured to himself at Fulnick, and from what he had conceived from the almost as distant and indistinct view he had of it from Mirfield. The great object of his wishes was to proceed at once to London: for it was there his heated imagination had depicted the honours and the riches which awaited him; but to go thither was impossible; and on the fourth day he engaged himself in a situation similar to that which he had left, at *Wash*, near Rotherham, from whence he fulfilled his promise of writing to his former protector, from whom he demanded such a character as would recommend him to the confidence of his new employer. This he boldly asked, for his service had been faithful, and not even the slightest spot had ever stained his moral character. The good man laid his letter before the Moravian council of ministers at Fulnick, where they meet to regulate the affairs of the society. They respected Montgomery, for his genius did them honour; and he was beloved by them, for he was amiable, though he had disappointed their hopes: they, therefore, agreed to write any testimony which he might require, 'if he obstinately persisted in his resolutions to leave them.' They, however, instructed his late master to make him any offers he might find equal to the task of inducing him to return to the fold he had left. The worthy mediator then repaired to the young man at Rotherham. The meeting was affecting; for both parties had feeling hearts. The elder, though

he had deplored the frowardness of his young friend, loved him for his amiable and ingenuous simplicity, and for the very genius which had removed him from the influence of sober counsels; and the runaway loved and venerated the elder for the goodness of his heart, and the parent-like kindness he had always shown him. They met in the inn yard, and forgetting there were any spectators of the scene, impelled by benevolent tenderness on the one hand, and by respectful and grateful affection on the other, they rushed at once into each others arms, and burst into tears. It required all the resolution of the youthful votary of ambition and the muses, to resist the kindness of the intreaties, and the flattering offers which were made him to return. He, however, did resist them, and though his firmness gave pain to his old friend, it did not make him less kind. He supplied his immediate wants, sent him the clothes, &c. he had left at Mirfield; and, not content with giving him a written testimonial of the estimation in which he held him, he called personally on his protégé's new employer, to recommend him to his confidence and protection. Mr. Montgomery remained at *Wash* only twelve months, which time was passed in the fulfilment of his engagement, in cherishing a melancholy which resulted from the peculiarity of his cloistered, and perhaps too strictly religious education, and in the cultivation of those talents which have since benefited the world. Indeed, the conflict between his religious and his poetical feelings was almost incessant, and whether

‘To wither in the blossom of renown,  
And, unrecorded, to the dust go down—  
Or for a name on earth to quit the prize  
Of immortality beyond the skies,  
Perplex’d his wavering choice.’

*World before the Flood.*

At last genius triumphed; and having prepared the way for an introduction to the capital, by sending a volume of manuscript poems to Mr. Harrison, a bookseller in Paternoster-row, he removed to London.

Mr. Harrison gave him a situation in his shop, and encouraged him to cultivate his talents, though he declined publishing his poems, not deeming them likely to better his fortune, or to lift him up to fame. The bright star which had allured him from Fulnick, from Mirfield, and from Wash, now seemed, to his sickened hope, a very *ignis fatuus*; and in the darkness of disappointment he lost sight of the splendid vision of immortality, and the munificent patronage which sanguine anticipation had promised him. At the end of eight months, having had a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, and having tried in vain, to induce a bookseller to treat with him for an Eastern tale in prose, to which he had been persuaded to turn his attention as more profitable than poetry, he returned to his last situation in Yorkshire, where he was received with the heartiest welcome, and all possible kindness: for his value being

fairly appreciated, and his virtues understood, his employer loved him with all the affection of a father. 'It was this master,' says the writer of a 'Biographical Sketch of Mr. Montgomery,' published in the *Monthly Mirror* of January, 1807, 'that many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out in the midst of his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering him consolation only, but of serving him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to the trial at Doncaster, will ever live in the remembrance of him who can forget an injury, but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.'

In 1792, he removed to Sheffield, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, who at that time published a very popular newspaper, to which, during the continuation of this connexion, which lasted till Mr. Gales left England, Montgomery occasionally contributed essays and verses; which, notwithstanding the 'Sheffield Register' was devoted to popular politics, were very seldom political; for, as the author of the sketch before quoted has observed, 'the Muses had his whole heart, and he sedulously cultivated their favours, though no longer with those false, yet animating hopes, which formerly stimulated his exertions.'

It was the fate of the young poet to conciliate the affections of all with whom he came in contact in domestic society; and Mr. Gales and his amiable family vied with each other in demonstrating their respect and regard for him; treating him like a brother, and nursing him with the most solicitous tenderness, during a long and painful illness, with which he was afflicted in the year 1793. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England, to avoid a political prosecution, Montgomery, by the assistance of a gentleman, to whom, except in a knowledge of his talents, he was almost a stranger, became the publisher of the newspaper—the title of which he changed for that of the 'Iris.' Of the politics of the 'Register,' it would be irrelevant to speak; but by the observance of a greater degree of moderation in censuring public measures, and by being less speculative in reform, the new editor gave offence to many of his readers; though others thought the paper had acquired a new interest in the greater degree of originality and literary merit of its more miscellaneous columns. Amongst other articles, was one which he denominated 'The Enthusiast:' this was particularly attractive to his friends, since they could not but see that the portrait exhibited, was a playfully-sketched likeness of the mind of the editor himself. But with all his care to avoid the fate of his predecessor, it was not long before he fell into a snare, which had all the appearance of having been laid for him. Amongst the types, &c. in the printing-office, when it was transferred to him, was a song, which, to use the technical phrase, had been *set up* in type

some time before Mr. Gales left England; this song, the type of which it was composed not being wanted, remained in statu quo. It was a song written by a clergyman in Ireland, in commemoration of the demolition of the Bastile, in 1789, and was sung at Belfast, on the 14th July, 1792, on the anniversary of that event. It had been copied into half the newspapers in the kingdom, and had not the least allusion to the war, which broke out nine months *after it was written*. Montgomery was ignorant that the song was ready in his office for the press, till a hawker informed him of the fact, at the same time requesting him to print a few quires for him: this, in the first instance, was refused, as he was not in the habit of printing such articles for hawkers;—importunity, however, prevailed; the song being in his eye perfectly harmless. Others, it appeared, thought differently; for the hawker was taken up a few days afterwards at Wakefield, and there became evidence against the printer, who was tried at the January quarter sessions, 1795, and found *guilty of publishing*. This verdict, which was in fact an acquittal, was refused by the court; and the jury, on reconsidering for another hour, then gave in a general verdict of *guilty*. The sentence, which was delivered by M. A. Taylor, Esq. who presided, was a fine of twenty pounds, and three months imprisonment in York castle.

Our author was not ruined by his incarceration; for an active friend superintended his business during his confinement; and on his return, after the completion of the sentence, he was welcomed home by all parties, as one 'more sinned against than sinning.' On resuming his editorial duties, in order to banish speculative politics as much as possible from the 'Iris,' he commenced a series of essays, which he called 'The Whisperer.' A very considerable portion of genuine humour, both in prose and verse, was observable in these effusions; and though they were hastily written, and hastily published, to meet the public eye, they will be read with much interest by those who may have the good fortune to possess one of the very few copies which (in 1798) their ingenious author published in a single volume, for the originals in the 'Iris' must have nearly all perished by the accidents which generally make newspaper literature so short-lived.

It was not long, however, notwithstanding his anxiety to avoid giving offence, before the amiable editor of the 'Iris' was again entangled in the web of the law. He had scarcely become warm in his office, when a riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which two men were killed by the military. He detailed the circumstance, as it appeared to him, correctly; but a magistrate in the neighbourhood, who was also a volunteer officer, felt aggrieved at the narrative, and preferred a bill of indictment against the printer for a libel, which was tried at Doncaster sessions, in January, 1796. The defence he set up was a justification of the statement which he had published; and a cloud of witnesses established it. He was, however, found *guilty*, and sentenced to pay a fine of thirty pounds,

and to suffer another imprisonment in York castle for the space of six months. Whatever may be thought of the sentence, it is but justice to both plaintiff and defendant, to add, that the former treated the latter, after his return from York castle, with marked kindness and attention; promoted his interest by every mean in his power; and even seemed to take a pleasure in showing him marks of respect in public. A few years before he died, (for he has been dead many years), when presiding at the quarter sessions, he saw Mr. Montgomery amongst the crowd of auditors, and instantly called to the proper officer to make way for him, inviting him, at the same time, to come up and sit upon the bench beside himself, where he would be less inconvenienced. Mr. Montgomery did seat himself there—and who would not, at that moment, have envied his feelings? His was the triumph of proclaimed truth and innocence. And yet the circumstance reflected honour on the proper feeling and candour of his late prosecutor.

Whilst Montgomery remained in York castle, where he had the satisfaction of being treated with respect by all around him, and where, after a few days, he was accommodated with an apartment exclusively his own, and with the range of the extensive castle yard, he bore up his spirits by the consciousness, that his sufferings were unmerited; and filled up his time by correspondence with his friends, by writing articles for his newspaper, and by seizing the opportunity which secluded leisure afforded him, to new-string his lyre; his

———‘chosen treasure,  
Solace of his bleeding heart;’

for it was now that he composed the poems, which he afterwards (in 1797) published under the title of ‘Prison Amusements.’ He also revised, during his seclusion, a work of greater magnitude, replete with wit, and with such wild sallies of humour, that no one could suppose that they emanated from the same pen which traced the ‘Harp of Sorrow.’ This work, however, has been profitless; for he could not be prevailed upon to let it meet the public eye, though it was calculated to have caused as many hearty peels of sympathizing laughter, as his melancholy tones had drawn tears.

He was liberated on the 5th of July, 1796, and immediately went to Scarborough, in order to brace his shattered constitution, which, delicate as it was from nature, had suffered much from excessive anxiety and imprisonment. He now, for the first time since he was four years of age, saw the sea. To a mind like his, the magnificence of the ocean, and the high-piled grandeur of the Yorkshire coast, were sublime spectacles; and they afforded him uncommon gratification—a gratification which was repeated in subsequent visits, and which in (1805) gave birth to his poem on ‘The Ocean;’ a production which will be read with delight as long as the language in which it is written shall exist. This, his first visit to Scarborough, occupied about three weeks, after which, with

improved health and spirits, he returned to Sheffield and the duties of his occupation.

In the following spring he published his 'Prison Amusements.' These poems were received, wherever they were seen, with approbation; but their author made no effort to put them in the way of notoriety; and he was still more careless of the fate of a series of essays, which he drew from the pages of the 'Iris,' under the title of 'The Whisperer,' in 1798. From this time—till in 1806, he produced the volume containing 'The Wanderer of Switzerland'—he confined his pen chiefly to his editorial duties; indulging himself in cherishing those feelings which have marked in his character so striking a resemblance to that of the amiable and highly-gifted, but melancholy, Cowper; a resemblance of which all his friends are fully sensible, and of which he himself seemed to be aware, when in his 'West Indies' he thus speaks of the poet of Olney, in advocating the cause of the poor negroes:—

'The muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,  
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,  
The lyre, with awful indignation swept,  
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept.—  
When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her tongue—  
When Afric's woes o'erwhelmed her while she sung.  
Lamented COWPER, in thy paths I tread:—  
Oh! that on me were thy weak spirit shed!  
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine:  
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius mine!'

Like his great prototype—for such will every one who is intimate with the features of Montgomery's mind pronounce Cowper to have been—with a spirit humbly obedient to its God, and tremblingly alive to the due performance of every moral obligation, extraordinary susceptibility, and perhaps, an exaggerated conviction of the awful situation in which mortality is placed, he exhibits occasionally a melancholy gloom which enchains his vigorous and elastic fancy, and arrests the progress of his playful pen. And, as he so well expresses it in a passage of 'Javan,'

'The world, whose charms his young affections stole  
He found too mean for his immortal soul.  
Wound into life through all his feelings wrought,  
Death and eternity possessed his thought.'

\* \* \* \*

'The fame he followed, and the fame he found,  
Healed not his heart's immedicable wound;  
Admired, applauded, crowned where'er he roved,  
The bard was homeless, friendless, unloved.  
All else that breathed below the circling sky,  
Were linked to earth by some endearing tie;—  
He only, like the ocean weed upturned,  
And loose along the world of waters borne,  
Was cast, companionless, from wave to wave,  
On life's rough sea—and there was none to save.'

The picture which our poet has drawn of the antediluvian bard, however, fails in its generally close resemblance to himself in one

of its lines; for although he has never been married, and in that sense is 'homeless,' he has never been 'friendless,' nor 'unbeloved;' for few persons can be acquainted with him without feeling an interest in his happiness—and there is no one that knows him intimately, who does not love and esteem him. But the other part of the portrait is so strikingly similar to his own character, that the likeness is scarcely to be mistaken.

But to proceed. 'The Wanderer of Switzerland' was sent into the world. It was read, and admired; and its author was immediately acknowledged worthy of being registered on the roll of genuine poets. Another poem of a very different character had been prepared to take the lead of the minor pieces which are appended to the volume: but this the author superseded when nearly the whole of it was printed. Why he discarded the 'Loss of the Locks' he has not declared; but having had the satisfaction of perusing this disinterested child of the Muse, the writer of this article cannot help expressing his concern that the world has not been allowed to participate in the gratification it afforded him. In 1809, the first edition of 'The West Indies' was published in quarto, with superb embellishments.—As the work was not advertised in the usual manner, and as the expensive scale on which it was got up by Mr. Boyer, the publisher, seemed to demand, it was very little known till it was printed in a portable form: of which upwards of ten thousand copies have been since sold. The feeling and piety which pervade every page, were to be expected from the pen of Montgomery; but the harmony was not exclusively composed of such notes as are best drawn from a 'Harp of Sorrow'—for there were amongst them such as he blew from the trumpet of his wrath, and such as his JUBAL struck when he swept the 'living lyre,' and in indignant strains sung man's oppression—

'For now a bolder hand he flings  
And dives among the deepest strings;—  
Then forth the music brake like thunder.'

The same observation applies to his 'World before the Flood,' published in 1812; although, perhaps, from the very title and subject, the popularity of that volume has not equalled its precursors. It is, however, a poem which must rise in estimation in proportion as it is known; for no man of taste and feeling can possibly read it without wishing to make others participate in the pleasure he has derived from it. In the course of this sketch of the life of its author, several passages have been quoted of no common interest; and if the poem is unequal in its interest, it has resulted from the subject itself, which fettered the imagination of the poet; obliging him to correspond in his flights with the obscurely detailed circumstances related of some of his PERSONÆ, in the sacred volume from which he drew them. As a proof of this, it will be acknowledged, even by those who are most in unison with the author, in devotedness to the holy text, that in those portions of the

narrative in which he has adhered the closest, and with the greatest reverence to the authority which furnished the foundation, though he intertwines the sublime and solemn strains of divinely inspired poesy, he is then the least attractive, because the thoughts have been long familiar to his readers. Human nature has a greedy curiosity, a never satisfied thirst for novelty; and where disappointment follows expectancy, the substitution of more sublime and more important, but already known truths, are coolly received; and even of the most bewitching strokes of harmony, if they are already familiar to the ear, whatever talent be displayed, or however skillful the variation, the approval is always qualified. Thus, if our author, in 'The World before the Flood,' had not tied himself so closely to the letter of the text, his strains would have commanded more attention, and would have elicited more applause; for where he has found himself unshackled by the record, he has burst boldly into the realms of invention, and enriched his pages with the spoil. Where he did not feel himself bound by conscience to use scriptural phraseology, in elucidation of scriptural facts, he repaired to the storehouse of his own brilliant imagination, and drew from thence those interesting incidents and tasteful decorations which he has so variously and happily applied throughout the poem.

Since he sung of the antediluvians, he has published nothing except his newspaper, and a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Reynolds; but he has had on hand, for some time, a poem, which was announced for publication several months ago, but which procrastination, (still Cowper-like) has detained from the press. Fastidious in the extreme, in deciding where his reputation may be committed, and tremblingly fearful of putting forth a line which might possibly be construed to militate, in the least degree, against any thing which he deems a divine or a moral obligation, he tries every note with the most careful solicitude, in the solitude of his study, before he ventures to breathe the strain in public, lest a chord should vibrate in unison with some idea less pure than his own. When his promised poem appears, judging from what has been already seen, it is not too much to expect that the public stock of intellectual pleasures will receive a valuable increase, and the poet an additional sprig to the Parnassian he has so fairly earned and so modestly wears.

As the editor of a newspaper, the subject of this memoir must, to a certain degree, be considered in a political point of view. His 'Ode to the Volunteers of Britain,' 'The Battle of Alexandria,' and 'The Ocean,' afford such honourable testimony of his patriotism, that no one can dispute his pretensions to rank as a loyal bard; and if his claims as an editor admit of any question, it must arise from his not being at all times perfectly understood when he has given expression to his opinions, which he always does honestly and impartially. Forced by the profession in which accident, not choice had placed him, to write upon political subjects, he uniformly looks at every question he is obliged to comment

upon, in the *Iris*, abstractedly, without reference to the party from whence the measure originated, or to that by which it is opposed. Of all men breathing, Mr. Montgomery is perhaps the last whose constitutional or acquired habit would lead him to political hostility; but necessitated, sometimes, however irksome, to give expression to his opinion, by way of making the labour pleasant, he often indulges the sportiveness of his fancy, and in his retrospects or leading articles, whilst he penetrates to the very heart's core of his subject, he exhibits such a vein of good-natured, though deeply-searching satire, and embellishes his reasoning with so much wit and pathos, such a playfulness of style, and such a complete mastery of language, that superficial readers almost constantly set him down as the partisan of the *party*, who, at the moment, take the same side of the question, which the editor of the '*Iris*,' from its own abstract merits, and his own unbiassed view of the subject, has been induced to advocate. The same erroneous mode of judgment has been applied at other times on reading his paper, by persons who, forgetting that an honest man is of no party but that of truth, as it may appear to his own eyes, have accused him of tergiversation and political instability, of being a deserter from a standard under which he never marched, and from a corps in which he had never enrolled himself. Mr. Montgomery, in his capacity of editor, has taken a proud, because it is an independent stand, between two great contending parties which divide opinions on great public measures. He may have decided erroneously in some particular cases, (for whose judgment is infallible?) but the expression of his views have always borne internal evidence of being honest ones.

This memoir has imperceptibly taken possession of more space than is usually appropriated to articles of biography in periodical publications: and yet for the gratification of such as may wish to know something of the person of its subject, it may be proper to add, that he is rather below the middle stature; slightly formed, but well proportioned. His complexion is fair, and his hair yellow. His features have a melancholy, but interesting expression, when his imagination is at rest; but when that is awakened by the animating influence of conversation, (especially on questions of importance or of feeling) his whole countenance (and particularly his eyes, which beam intelligence) is irradiated by his genius. His modesty, and seclusion of manner, in the company of strangers, have a tendency to hide from common observation the riches of his mind; but when familiar intercourse has broken the talisman which seals his lips, on introduction, his colloquial powers are found to be of the first order. His ideas have an able auxiliary in his eloquence; for language is subservient to his will, and though in a war of words an opponent must often smart beneath the lash of his wit, and the severity of his retort, the amiableness of his nature instantly furnishes a balm to heal such wounds. A

ART. VI.—*Original Letters*, from an American Gentleman at Calcutta, to a friend in Pennsylvania.

LETTER II.

*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Calcuttam!*

*Calcutta, March 10th.*

MY DEAR II.

IN my last, I informed you of our safe arrival in this emporium of eastern luxury. At that time, I was too much under the influence of the novel scenes which crowded upon my senses, to attempt any details of our passage up the celebrated river which conducted us to our destined port. Having, on the morning of the 27th of February, gotten in the proper ship channel, we approached the village of *Cajoree*, on the western shore, about noon; when a gun was fired by order of the pilot, as a signal to the officer stationed there,—who despatched a boat from thence to receive letters, and to have the ship entered in a book kept for that purpose. The boat which came off, was manned altogether by natives, whose nudity and strange appearance, added to their incessant chattering, and bustle among themselves, very much attracted the attention of our crew. The wind being constantly unfavourable, we were compelled to come to an anchor whenever the tide began to ebb; and to wait patiently until the return of the flood. On the morning of the 28th, we found ourselves at anchor opposite *Culpee*; a village on the eastern side of the river,—which is here called the *Hoogly*, being that branch of the Ganges on which Calcutta stands. Here we were visited by a number of Gentoos, in boats, who brought with them bananas, cocoa nuts, green calabashes, cucumbers, and a variety of other vegetables, for sale. They offered those articles to us at a very low rate; and sooner than fail in selling them, would generally take one third of the price they at first demanded. I observed they had their hair cut after different fashions,—which, perhaps, serve to distinguish their *casts*; but of this I am not certainly informed. Some had their heads shaved entirely bare—some, again, had a narrow strip shaved close, extending from the forehead to the nape of the neck; and others left only a tuft of long hair on the crown of the head, which they dexterously tied into a knot, with their fingers. Those who wore their hair in this last mentioned form, ‘would ever and anon’ untie the knot, and scratch their heads, with both hands, with the greatest violence. I did not take the trouble to ascertain the fact, but I am credibly informed that they do not scratch without reason!—I was diverted at seeing one of these natives engaged in eating rice. He picked up a single grain at a time, and gave it a toss into his mouth—repeating the process with such rapidity and dexterity as to make it truly ludicrous. We this day, (28th) passed the ruins of a building which was intended to have been a large *fort*, but was never completed. It was projected by Lord *Mornington*, (now the *Marquis Wellesley*,) while that

nobleman was governor general of Bengal; but being subsequently relinquished as a crazy undertaking, it now bears the name of *Mornington's Folly*. Among the numerous boats which visited us in the course of the day, was one in the employment of the *salt office*, in order to let us know that it was not permitted to import that article into Calcutta. The mandate which they exhibited, was in the name of *Earl Cornwallis*, formerly governor general, and dated in the year 1793. Next day, March 1st, we passed *Fultah*, a village on the eastern shore, where there is a superb square building on the bank of the river, which is kept as a public house, and at which shipping may be furnished with many supplies. We anchored that night a few miles above Fultah; and proceeding with the tide next morning, passed a number of villages, on either shore, mostly composed of miserable hovels constructed with mud and matting, and apparently the abode of abject wretchedness. Towards evening, however, a long stretch of the river opened to our view, called *Garden reach*; which seemed, after the tedium of an irksome passage, to exhibit a prospect truly Elysian. The river here appeared to be something less than half the width of the Delaware, at Philadelphia,—the borders were delightfully clothed with groves of palms, and studded with the most superb country houses. The singing of the birds, and the chattering of the natives on the shores, were distinctly heard, and contributed to enliven the scene. We came to an anchor within view of the lights at *Fort William*, and heard the report of the evening gun. I turned into my birth with an intention of sleeping away the intervening hours, prior to landing,—but I might truly have said with *Horace*, in his voyage to *Brundisium*, '*Mali Culi-ces, \*\*\* avertunt somnos.*' The myriads of musquitoes which assailed us, bade defiance to repose; and the next day, we all resembled persons in the eruptive stage of measles.

On the morning of the 3d of March, we reached our moorings, and I prepared with alacrity to tread on Asiatic ground. On reaching the shore, I found a palanquin in waiting for me, which had been politely sent by Mr. W. (who had preceded me,) to convey me to the factory in the city. I got into that novel vehicle, which was immediately hoisted on the shoulders of four bearers, and was borne off in a kind of trot to our lodgings. I could not help reflecting by the way, on the abject condition of those miserable creatures whose business it is to carry their fellow men, in this manner, for the sake of a scanty subsistence,—and imagining the sensations which such a mode of travelling would excite among the sturdy republicans of Pennsylvania. The palanquin is a kind of oblong box, with sliding doors at the sides, handsomely finished inside and out, and admirably adapted for the indulgence of the most refined laziness. The occupant reposes, in a recumbent posture, on an elegant chintz-covered mattress, and may either read or sleep, during his excursions, as his inclination prompts. A single pole projects from each end of the vehicle, somewhat above

the centre, by which it is in a manner suspended on the bearers' shoulders,—and hence acquires a sort of swinging motion, which certainly renders it a fascinating mode of conveyance, in this sultry climate. In addition to the four bearers, there is a fifth, who is called the *head bearer*,—who runs alongside with a large umbrella, in the day time, and a lantern at night—and occasionally relieves the other bearers, where there is but one set of them employed. Those who affect *style*, or have much travelling to do, keep a double set of bearers, for the purpose of relieving each other. I have been several times shocked on observing the hardships which these poor creatures endure in their calling, having seen some of their shoulders quite raw and inflamed by the pressure and friction of the poles. Yet such is the astonishing influence of their system of social government, that this abject class of people have no idea of gaining a subsistence by any other kind of employment. The whole community is divided into numerous classes, or tribes, called *casts*; to each of which immemorial usage has assigned a vocation, which, I am informed, the members are irrevocably doomed to follow. Each cast is not only restricted to its own peculiar employment, but the trade of the father becomes the trade of the son, from generation to generation; without any regard to the mutability of circumstances, or the variety of taste and talents. Indeed this very system seems almost to preclude the possibility of any variation in the condition or capacity of those who are subjected to it. It fortifies me in the opinion which I have for some time entertained, that man is the passive creature of circumstances—that he is, in society, as clay in the hands of the potters, and will inevitably be what that society, by its institutions and customs, chooses to make of him. I was at first resolved to have no participation in the revolting practice of using human beings as beasts of burden: but I soon found that my resolution would be esteemed no favour, by the unfortunate bearers. On my arrival at the factory, I was immediately surrounded by a crowd of *head bearers*; each soliciting employment for his company, and offering testimonials of their fidelity and good conduct. I was informed that the *bearer cast* was exceedingly numerous—that it was with difficulty they could all obtain employment—and such was the rigor of their customs, that they must either obtain a living by the prescribed duties of their cast, or languish under all the pains of indigence and hunger. Added to this, a stranger who would undertake to dispense with a palanquin and servants, would find it difficult, if not impracticable, to gain admittance into genteel company. It is taken for granted by the natives themselves, that a man who appears in the streets without a palanquin is entitled to no respect,—and he is treated accordingly. I therefore purchased one without delay, for which I gave 100 rupees, (equal to 48 dollars of our currency;) and hired a set of bearers at 4 rupees each, per month, except the *head bearer*, whose wages were 5 rupees. For this sum, trifling

as it may seem, these people are constantly within call, and at our service—they procure their own sustenance, and maintain their families. In addition to my five bearers, who are all Gentoos, I found it necessary to engage a *sixth* servant, for the purpose of waiting on table, &c. and acting as interpreter; for the bearers cannot speak a word of English. This *body servant*, as he is called, must always be selected from among the Mahometans; because the religious prejudices of the Gentoos are such, that they will not come near the table while there is any food, prepared from land animals, upon it. Although on other occasions the Gentoos are the most obsequious creatures I ever saw, yet no threat, nor persuasion, can induce them to approach us while we are engaged at our meals: and it appears to me that they contemplate one of our dinners of roast beef with as much horror, as we should the repast of a party of anthropophagi.

Having thus provided myself with the necessary retinue, it was not long before I made my appearance abroad. One of the most fashionable places of resort, is the *Esplanade*,—a beautiful plain, extending from fort William to the suburbs of the city. It is ornamented with a shaded walk on the bank of the river, where benches are provided for the accommodation of visitors; and every thing seems calculated to contribute to their enjoyment. On the evening after our arrival, I paid my first visit to this delightful place. It was thronged with European ladies and gentlemen, who were sauntering about at their leisure, or reposing on the benches in all that languor and *nonchalance*, so remarkable in this enervating climate. I also observed a number of beautiful children, who are brought thither by their nurses, every fine evening, for the benefit of an *airing*. They generally had the appearance of the finest health; but I am told a large proportion of them die during infancy.—While we were on the Esplanade, the governor-general came riding by us in a sort of open chariot, drawn by four white horses. He had an escort of twelve or thirteen troopers, all mounted on white horses, galloping after him—a postillion on each of the left hand horses of his carriage—and two men *on foot*, running before him! All his attendants were natives. This practice of the great, employing men to run before them, although we read of it as a very *ancient* one, was a very *novel* sight to me; neither did I esteem the office of runner a very enviable one. However, I have since frequently seen British officers on horseback, riding at a pretty brisk gallop, and a native servant running along side of them with apparent ease.

The population of this city is estimated at from five to seven hundred thousand souls; and I am satisfied it is not overrated. The streets are literally thronged with the natives, moving in all directions; and they are seen squatting or sitting on their heels, in every nook and corner, busily engaged in smoking a kind of pipe, made of the cocoa-nut shell, which they call a *hubble-bubble*. In my observations, and rambles through the city, I am often forcibly

reminded of the descriptions which engaged my youthful attention, when perusing the stories of the *thousand and one nights*. There is, perhaps, no people in the world, whose manners and appearance make so distinct an impression on the mind of an observer, as those of the Asiatics. Since our arrival, I have paid two or three visits to the *burrah bazaar*, or great market; which is usually crowded with the turban population of the place. In one part of the bazaar, goods are exposed on *stalls*, closely arranged for their reception; and in the adjoining streets, the fronts, and lower rooms of the houses, are occupied by the wares of the country. Whenever a white man passes along, the owners of the merchandize are continually calling to him by the appellation of *sauheb*, (or *master*),—and urging him with the utmost importunity to buy something. The *sirkars*, or native clerks, who usually swarm about the factories, in quest of employment, are always extremely officious in tendering their services to accompany a stranger through the bazaars. They attend, in such excursions, for the purpose of making contracts,—or, as they express it, making '*settled price*' with the natives, for their goods; and it is a curious fact, that although these sirkars are compensated for their trouble, by the *venders* of the merchandize, yet they can always procure better bargains for us than we can for ourselves. There seems to be an inveterate propensity among the native merchants, to take every possible advantage in their dealings; and no one can make a prudent contract with them, unless he is well acquainted with the state of the market, and the character of those sharpers. I have noticed a custom among them which is worthy of remark, as tending to illustrate their manners, and ideas of things. When they make a bargain with a person, they are very anxious to *shake hands* with him, as soon as it is concluded—supposing that there is no danger of his retracting after his hand is plighted. They seem to attach more importance to, and to have more confidence in, this ceremony, than in the most solemn asservations that can be made.

You perceive, my dear H. that I am at least disposed to be sufficiently minute in my communications to you,—and possibly I may seem tedious: but you know we are so apt to think others will be interested in whatever interests ourselves, that you must make some allowance for my garrulity, if it should occasionally become dull. If you derive one half the amusement from my descriptions, which I receive from actual observation, you must be amply rewarded for your trouble in the perusal. Adieu, I am ever yours.

### LETTER III.

Calcutta, March 15.

My dear H,—The leisure which I enjoy, not only permits me to indulge in observation, but invites me to the frequent performance of that promise which you obtained from me at our parting. There is something in the business of writing, so much like an actual communion with an absent friend, that I derive an unusual

degree of pleasure from the practice, since my arrival in this remote and romantic clime.

The weather is becoming so extremely hot and sultry here, that it produces the utmost lassitude, and indisposition to motion. The only pleasant time in the twenty-four hours, is from the dawn until sunrise. During the day, we are oppressed with heat,—and at night, tormented with musquitoes. There would be no such thing as sleeping here, were it not for the *musquitoe curtains* which we use. In consequence of this state of things, we all rise very early. Indeed, early rising is one of the characteristics of the people of Calcutta. Every morning, at early dawn, the ladies and gentlemen may be seen on horseback, or in their *buggies*, (gigs), taking a ride by way of exercise; and it is unquestionably a most laudable custom. I have myself, in a great measure, overcome my bad habit in this respect; and generally rise so as to take half an hour's exercise, at walking on the house top, before sunrise. The English buildings in this city are mostly very lofty and spacious; and all have flat, or terrace roofs, which render them a very agreeable *promenade* in the morning. They are commonly of two stories—the stories sixteen to eighteen feet high, to make them more cool and agreeable—and the families reside in the second story, to avoid the dampness of the ground floor. The huts of the indigent natives are miserable apologies for dwellings,—and have, so far as I can learn, but one consoling quality about them; which is, the facility with which they can be reconstructed when they happen to be destroyed. I am told that a fire, or a hurricane, often demolishes whole districts of the city, in the course of a few hours; but such is the simplicity of their structure, that they are usually all rebuilt by the next day! This is probably somewhat exaggerated; though I am satisfied it can require but little labour or expense to repair such dwellings.

On my way to and from our ship, I frequently pass by a vacant square, called the *loll dickey square*, in which is a very large *tank*, or basin, for the collection and preservation of rain water. This tank is a regular, square pit, with beautiful grassy edges, and sloping sides—with steps down one of the sides, by which the water-carriers (called *baycshteas*), descend in order to fill their goat skins, in which they carry the water about the streets, or to families. There are other tanks in the city; but as yet, I know not how many. Our best drinking water is procured from them; as the river is very filthy, and there are neither springs, nor perennial wells of sweet water, in this part of the country. The consequence is, that the people esteem rain water as one of their greatest luxuries; and it may be correctly observed, in *Horatian* phrase, '*collectos bibunt imbres*.\*'

The river's edge is continually thronged with natives, who are busied in washing clothes, or their own bodies; in which latter em-

\* Vide Hor. Epist. xv. l. 15.

ployment, they frequently mutter something in a low tone, and at the same time perform a variety of gestures indicative of devotion. Many of them I observe with a small portion of coloured clay, or mud, stuck on their foreheads; which I presume is an emblem of some particular cast, or order in society. There are but few women or children to be seen in the streets, considering the population of the place,—and those of the very lowest and meanest description. That prevalent Eastern custom, of keeping the females secluded from the public eye, is rigidly observed here; and is, doubtless, continued in consequence of that extreme jealousy in which it originated.—Speaking of the females, reminds me of a sort of hymeneal procession, that took place here two days ago,—which for grandeur, and the numbers concerned in it, far surpassed any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed. The occasion was, the marriage of a couple of rich natives, whose parents chose to display their wealth and importance by subsidizing a countless rabble to celebrate the nuptials, by parading through the principal streets of the city. The extent of the procession, and the number of men and boys, were so great, that I am almost afraid to make a random estimate of them; but there certainly could not have been fewer than eight or ten thousand,—and probably much more. They marched in pretty close order (or rather *disorder*), in a wide street, and extended considerably more than a mile in length. Every one in the procession carried a large bunch of artificial flowers, or was engaged in supporting a kind of square framework, which was tinselled over in the most tawdry manner. There must have been some hundreds of those *frames* (I know not what else to call them), each borne by four or five men, who occupied the middle of the street; and the flower bearers thronged the avenue on each side of them. Here and there, one of those square fabrics contained two or three dancing, or rather *singing girls*, who vociferated most lustily. There were four saddled horses led near the van; and at some distance behind them, were two representations of mountains, made of light materials, each one nearly as large as a common sized haystack, and supported by a number of bearers. I understand they formerly paraded elephants at their weddings; but at present the police do not allow of it, as they are rather dangerous in such a crowd. There were several sorts of their own harsh music in company; and a number of *sepahis*, or native soldiers, were mingled in the procession, for the purpose of preserving order. In the rear of this immense concourse came the bridegroom, in a superb, lofty palanquin, with a large canopy over it, supported on four pillars,—the whole gilt, and gayly decorated. He was a fine looking, nankeen-coloured fellow, and maintained a dignified gravity of countenance. There were several persons, whom I took to be servants, sitting at his feet. Immediately behind him, went the *bride's* palanquin, which was very handsome, and hung all round with gaudy curtains, so that her ladyship, according to the custom of the country, was not visible to vulgar

eyes. She is said to be only *eight* years of age;—which, in Pennsylvania, would be considered a very juvenile bride! But I am informed it is quite common here for a youthful couple to be married several years before they commence house-keeping. One of the servants belonging to our factory, told me had been married *eleven* years, and that his wife was only *twelve* years old! Matrimonial contracts are mostly made by the *parents* of the parties, during their infancy; and a *second marriage*, as they call it, takes place when they arrive at mature age.

There is considerable variety in the *dress* of the inhabitants. The *Gentoos* wear only a piece of long cloth, or white muslin, wrapped curiously round the waist, and the end thrown over the shoulder. The better sort stick their toes into a pair of tinselled slippers—and these, together with the *turban*, which appears to be common to all sects who can afford it, constitute the entire clothing of the worshippers of *Brama*. But the *Mahometans*, both men and women, wear a kind of trowsers; and I have seen a number of men, with huge long beards, actually dressed in *long gowns*, very similar to those worn by our old fashioned females. The Moorish women that I have seen, are always dressed in trowsers, with very gaudy horizontal stripes; and they have usually a thick heavy *ring*, or sometimes a kind of *chain-work*, on each ankle. So great is their fondness for rings, that they often have them in their noses, on their ankles, and wrists, and also on every toe and finger. When equipped with this finery, they sit and chew the *betel*, or smoke a small *hookah*, almost without intermission. The apathy of these people is very remarkable; and I can only account for it, by supposing that the languor, with which the climate affects all persons who are exposed to it, finally degenerates into absolute torpor, and the extinction of all sensibility. Except when stimulated by business, or some other means of gratifying their avarice, the natives appear to me to be utterly destitute of all emotion. Their leisure is universally devoted to smoking; and the *hookah* and *hubblebubble* seem to be their only solace in that dreary grade of existence, which results from the want of ideas, and the torpor of the senses. I remain, as ever, yours, &c.

#### LETTER IV.

Calcutta, March 30.

My dear H.—This being what is called the *dry season* of the year, the atmosphere becoming much heated, and existence itself, to a northern stranger, is almost a burden. Many of the English residents here have a contrivance for cooling their chambers, which is certainly very refreshing at the time of using it; but is considered rather hazardous to the health. It is called a *tattee*—a kind of pervious *mat*, woven of fibrous roots, which they set up against a window, or open door-way, and employ a servant to throw water on it. The evaporation which takes place by the air passing through

it, causes an agreeable *fraicheur* in the apartment; but, as I observed before, it is said to have a very pernicious effect upon persons coming out of the glowing sun-beams, in a state of profuse perspiration, and sitting within its influence. A few days ago, I witnessed a curious phenomenon, which I am told occurs here at every full and change of the moon, during the continuance of the S.W. monsoon. It is an astonishingly rapid influx of the tide, called the *bore*. It rises several feet in the space of three or four minutes, and rolls along the shore in a perfect torrent,—tossing boats, and every thing moveable that lies in its way. The natives, who swarm on the river in their canoes, always make for the middle of the stream when they see or hear the bore approaching, as there is much less agitation there, than at the shore. If they have not time to get into the stream, they drag their boats on the bank, out of the reach of the dark, muddy surf, which seems to threaten devastation to every thing upon the margin of the river. As soon as the tide has reached its height, the agitation gradually subsides; and business goes on as usual, until the next flood. This remarkable occurrence is ascribed to the monsoon forcing the waters into the wide mouth of the river in such volumes, that when they reach the part where it suddenly narrows, the influx necessarily becomes a roaring, overwhelming torrent. It is more especially at those periods called *spring tides*, that the bore assumes the aspect which I have just described.—Yesterday morning, being Sunday, I went to the English church, which appeared to be tolerably well attended. A great number of females were present, of every hue; from the light complexioned Scot, to the dusky shade of the native Hindoostanee. The church is provided with a fine organ, and a choir of yellow, or half-blooded boys, dressed in red jackets, who sing remarkably well. The service was brief, and seemed to partake of the languor incident to the climate. The Sabbath is not observed here by any but christians; who constitute but a small portion of the population. The natives pay no respect whatever to that day; but pursue their various avocations as usual—and you see the shopkeepers and mechanics as industriously employed as on any other day. Last evening, Sabbath as it was, I went with some others to a kind of exhibition, or entertainment, called a *nautch*, which was given to an American captain of a vessel by his *banyan*, whose name is *Ram Chunder Miter*. The banyans are native merchants, who purchase our dollars at the market price, and furnish the cargo of goods in return. Some of them are immensely rich; and they frequently, in addition to sundry presents, compliment our captains and supercargoes with an entertainment of this kind, when these are about to take their leave. The performance abovementioned was chiefly by the *dancing girls*, so celebrated in the East: but if I may judge by the specimen then exhibited, their histrionic faculties are amazingly overrated. They had some wretched, squeaking music of stringed instruments, accompanied by the *tumtum*, or small drum of this country. The

girls were gaudily dressed, but were by no means handsome. They did not dance much while I staid, but exercised themselves at what I suppose they call *singing*,—though it marvellously resembled the screams of persons whom I have seen labouring under a severe paroxysm of the cholic! I must confess, however, they modulated their voices in concert with the instruments tolerably well. During one of the interludes, we had a pretty successful attempt at *ventriloquism*, by a Hindoo who was present. He seemed much exhausted by the exertion requisite to produce the effect. The *native* portion of the audience appeared to be much delighted with the entertainment; but to me it soon became irksome, and I left them in the midst of their enjoyment. I had almost forgot to mention one of the most agreeable parts of the ceremony. When we entered the room, we were presented with some elegant *bouquets*, composed of the superb flowers of this region; and our clothes were sprinkled with rose-water, or diluted *otto of roses*, which shed a delicious fragrance through the apartment. The gratification of the senses appears to be the *summum bonum* with these people; and it must be acknowledged that the *science of luxury*, if I may use the expression, is no where studied with more assiduous attention, or with greater success than in the metropolis of India. The enervating influence of the climate strongly predisposes one to indulge in voluptuous enjoyments; and the facility with which those propensities can be gratified, tends greatly to promote the indulgence. There is, perhaps, in no country, a greater luxury to a lazy man, than that of being well attended, or waited upon; but it is peculiarly acceptable in tropical regions, where the systems of the most industrious are prone to languor and inactivity. And there is, probably, no place in the world where the *luxury of good waiters* can be so readily procured as in the city of Calcutta. You will, however, readily perceive, that all this enjoyment must be at the expense of a numerous and abject race of human beings, whose hard fate it is to minister to the caprices of their more fortunate fellow creatures. I am not yet sufficiently *acclimated*, to witness such a compound of voluptuousness and misery without pain and disgust; and I trust, before that event takes place, I shall make my escape to the land of my fathers, where man walks erect in all the sturdy dignity of conscious freedom. Till when, believe me, as ever, affectionately yours, &c.

## LETTER V.

Calcutta, April 12th.

My dear H.—In the beginning of this month, a series of Gentoo holidays commenced, accompanied by ceremonies so novel and extraordinary, in my own view, that I cannot help feeling some little apprehension, in attempting to describe them, lest you should suspect me of the traveller's foible, to which I formerly alluded. But I do assure you, that among the imperfections of my description, the blemish of a wilful untruth shall not be numbered.

Before day-light, on the morning of the 5th, I was awakened by a great noise of natives hallooing in the streets. The holiday season, I believe, commenced on that morning; and I was informed that all the Gentoo population went during the night to bathe; or, as they term it, to *wash body*, in the Hooghly. Very early in the morning the shore was lined with thousands of them; and this was said to be case for a great extent up the river. The water near the shore was covered with flowers, strung in garlands, or strewed separately upon its surface;—these being a species of tribute, or oblation, offered to the sacred stream. The Gentoos believe, or profess to believe, that the Ganges river comes from heaven direct. They will not admit that the object of their devotion has a terrestrial origin. This opinion may have originated in consequence of the very remote, and almost unknown sources of the river,—or it may have been in some measure allegorical; inasmuch, as a large portion of its waters, in one season of the year, does come directly from the clouds. For several days after this general ablution, and offering of flowers, I observed small parties parading the streets, accompanied by the music of the *tumtum*, or small drum; and some one of each group signalizing himself by voluntarily inflicting some violent and disgusting species of torture upon his own body. The favourite, or most frequent operation, was that of thrusting a long iron rod through a perforation which had previously been made in the tongue,—by which means it was stretched out of his mouth; and in this plight, with the blood trickling down his chin, he would dance, and perform a variety of grotesque gesticulations, to the music of the *tumtum*. When one of the party had thus displayed his fortitude, another would take the rod and undergo the same operation. Some, also, had bamboo hoops run through a loop made in the skin of their arms; and others, through similar loops in their sides,—all of which they slipped backwards and forwards, in order to increase the torture. The object of these sanguinary proceedings, is said to be an atonement to God for their sins: but it seems they have also an eye to some *temporal* benefits, in exhibiting these tokens of penance; for they take care to display themselves as much as possible before strangers, and make no scruple in soliciting a present, or *bukshish*, as they call it, as a reward for the exhibition. These disgusting spectacles were, however, but trifles compared to a process which I yesterday witnessed; and which it seems was intended to close the scene,—as it certainly did cap the climax of these abominations. In the afternoon I went with some gentlemen to the house of *Ram Duloll Day*, a principal, and well known banyan, in this city; where arrangements had been made for the ceremony of *swinging*,—a sort of penance performed by the *bearer cast*, and some other low casts. This exhibition is generally made in front of the house of some wealthy, or influential native, by way of *compliment*; and a *sorry* one it would be, had not ‘that tyrant, custom,’ reconciled it to their feelings. A post, about twenty feet high, was planted before Duloll’s door—a

bundle of bamboos, of about the same length, were lashed together, and fixed by the middle, across the top of the post, on a kind of swivel, or pivot, which admitted the bamboo lever to turn round in an horizontal direction. To one end of this lever was attached a rope, which reached nearly to the ground, and by which it was to be turned. To the other end, there was also about six feet of rope, to which the *swingee*, if I may be allowed the term, was to be fastened. After I had waited some time, a crowd of natives approached, making a great noise with their *tumtums*,—some of them smeared with mud, and sprinkled with a reddish dust; making altogether a most motley assemblage. One of the company soon approached the swing, and mounted a scaffolding, in order to be attached to the short rope at the end of the lever. A couple of iron hooks, not unlike the hooks of a common steel-yard, were passed through two loops made in the skin of his back, just below the shoulder blades, and a bandage was passed round his body, and over the hooks, to secure him in case these should tear out. The hooks were then made fast to the line abovementioned, and the man was suspended in this way, about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. Two or three natives took hold of the rope at the other end of the lever, and began to run round with it, gradually quickening their pace until they whirled him about with amazing velocity. The swiftness with which the patient was carried round, caused him to extend the line almost horizontally; and my blood ran cold under the apprehension of seeing him break loose, and fly off in a tangent from the circle which he was describing. Such accidents, I am informed, do occasionally happen; but they do not deter these people from persevering in the practice. After the first one had been swung a few minutes, he was let down; and another came with four hooks in his back. He had no bandage round his body, but trusted entirely to the toughness of his hide. A considerable number were swung in this way; and each one seemed ambitious to have his turn first, and to excel his predecessors in these shocking feats. The fellow who sweeps our factory was up twice in the course of the afternoon, and was apparently much gratified at the attention we paid to his performance. The first time, he swung *fourteen minutes*, by the watch. One man smoked his *hubblebubble*, ate fruit, &c. while he was swinging, to evince his fortitude and unconcern. In one instance, the person swinging, had a small basket in his hand, containing some fruit, and a few young, half-fledged doves; all of which he distributed among the crowd, as he passed round above their heads—and they eagerly caught at them, under an impression, as I understood, that it was a good omen for those individuals who were so fortunate as to get hold of them before they reached the ground. Another was suspended, with the iron rod through his tongue, in the manner already described; and he amused himself by slipping it backward and forward, from one end to the other, during his circumgyrations. The desire to outdo the rest, at length prompted one

man to swing with only two hooks in his back, and without any bandage to save him, in case of accident. Although there was not more than an inch of skin in each loop, yet these two proved sufficient; and he was whirled about with a velocity equal to any of the others. To crown all, a native *woman* stepped forth, towards evening, and convinced them that her skin was as tough, and her courage as great as that of the men. She was suspended in the same manner, and revolved in her orbit with as much firmness as the most daring of her predecessors. My curiosity was now sufficiently gratified; and I left them before the exhibition was concluded. The performers are said to be all partially intoxicated with the fermented juice, or sap, of the palm tree, called *toddy*,—and also by chewing opium. These exhilarating medicaments, together with the enthusiasm which an admiring crowd always excites, enable them to undergo the process with the utmost fortitude; and, I might add, with apparent pleasure. I have examined several of their backs since, and find, on inquiry, that very little attention is ever paid to the wounds, except merely to stick a leaf of some plant over each sore. Those which I saw, appeared to be somewhat inflamed, but not so as to prevent the persons from returning to their usual labours; and I am informed that they commonly heal without any trouble. In several instances I observed the cicatrices of former wounds to be very numerous; and their owners seemed proud of them, as so many marks of distinction. Having thus faithfully endeavoured to narrate the principal circumstances attending this extraordinary ceremony, I leave you to ponder, and philosophise, on the wonderful extremes to which mankind may be led by ignorance and enthusiasm—and am ever yours.

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ART. VI.—*Fuero Juzgo, en Latin y Castellano, &c.* i. e. The Code of the Judges, compared with the most ancient and most valuable Manuscripts. By the Royal Spanish Academy. In folio.

[From the Journal des Savans.]

**T**HE *Fuero Juzgo* is a collection of the laws of the Visigoths. This ancient monument is doubly valuable: on the one hand it contains the laws which governed that people both in Spain and the South of France, so long as they existed as a nation, and these laws were even adopted by the governments which succeeded that of the Visigoths; and, on the other hand, it shews us, in a version in that tongue, made at a very remote era, the genuine state of the Castilian idiom. We know of scarcely any considerable work in that language, the date of which is acknowledged to be more ancient than that of the *Fuero Juzgo*; so that the text of this version, particularly as it has been published by the Spanish Academy, with numerous various readings, will be very useful to explain the origin and difficulties of the Castilian.

There were already several editions of the *Fuero Juzgo* in the original; that is to say, the Latin; the first was published in 1579,

by the learned Pierre Pithou, justly called the French Varro. The laws contained in this collection were afterwards reprinted in Germany and Italy. In Spain alone the ancient Castillian version had yet been published.

The Spanish Academy having formed the design of publishing a new edition of the original Latin and of the Castillian version, solicited of the king of Spain, and obtained, on the 8th of February and 20th of September 1785, express orders, which not only permitted it to consult the MSS. in the Royal Library of Madrid, and of Saint Lawrence in the Escorial, but also enjoined the universities, convents, cathedrals, &c. in the kingdom, to communicate the MSS. in their libraries. Private persons who possessed copies, eagerly lent them to the Academy; a committee of five members, several of whom were successively replaced by others, employed itself with zeal and perseverance to give this arduous task all the perfection which it required, and of which it was susceptible.

The preliminary discourse is composed by Don Manuel de Lardizabal y Uribe. After an introduction, in which he proves that the Visigoths has retained many parts of the Roman laws, he divides the code of the Visigoths into four classes: 1st, Those which the princes issued by their own authority, among which are some which the prince says he made, with all the great officers of the palace and the court. 2d, The laws which were the result of the deliberation of the national councils, in which the prelates and the nobles took part. The king who had proposed these laws, sanctioned them, after the consent of the clergy and the people. 3d, Those which do not express how they were made. The author of the preliminary discourse thinks they are very ancient laws, which have been placed in the collection. 4th, Lastly, the laws which have been corrected in process of time, and which sometimes express this circumstance.

The reviewer observes, that on examining this volume, he found that he did not recollect ever to have seen in the Latin collections of the laws of the Visigoths, the parts intituled PRIMUS TITULUS, which fills ten pages; and perceived that this part did not seem to have been originally intended to make a part of this edition, it being paged with Roman numerals; after which there comes another first chapter, 1. *Titulus de Legislatore*, where the Arabic numerals begin: the Castillian translation answering to this first part is also paged with Roman numerals, and, with the various readings, and the notes, fills sixteen pages; after which the Arabic numerals commence.

This first chapter concerns the election of the kings, their duties and their rights, as well as the duties of the people. The constitutional principles which it contains are not a new stipulation between the prince and the nation, but a renewal of the ancient laws, and king Sisenand requires that they shall be drawn up by the

assembly of the Visigoths, who are *paternorum decretorum memores*.

These laws bear the same character of liberty as the ancient laws of the other kingdoms of Spain. They begin with the definition of the title of king: *Regis enim à regendo vocati sunt*. If the king acts uprightly, he retains his title; if otherwise, he loses it. The second section of this first chapter concerns the *Election of the kings*. 'The election is made in the royal city, or in the place of the decease of the prince, by the assembly of the prelates and great men, with the consent of the people, and not otherwise, and not by the conspiracy of a small number, or in the seditious tumult of the people inhabiting the country.'

'The princes must be of the catholic religion.—In the distribution of justice they must be mild; in their mode of living modest.

'They shall not require of their subjects, for the supply of their wants, more than is necessary and lawful; their fortune does not descend to their children, but to the king elected after them.

'The heirs of a king can pretend to no more than the fortune which he had before he ascended the throne.

'The kings take an oath; and if they violate it they lose their rank.'

The 16th and 17th sections secure to the wives and children of the kings what ought reasonably to be allowed them.

The 3d section, the judicial treating of power, says, 'The king cannot decide alone, either upon persons or property; but judgment must take place in the assembly of the priests, who will inspire mercy, and with the consent of the people; so that by this sentence passed in public, the crime may be proved to the chiefs of the earth; but the right of pardoning is reserved to the kings. Thus kings will rejoice in their people, and the people in their kings, and God in both.'

After having laid down the duties of the kings, those of the people are not forgotten. The following law is remarkable for its severity.

Sect. II. 'Though the divine law has said, *'The father shall not die for the children, nor the children for the parents; but every one shall die for his own sin.'* And again: *'The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father that of the son.'* Nevertheless, to prevent conspiracies and rebellions, it is declared, that when the guilty are convicted canonically and legally of having conspired with the design of depriving the king of his life or crown, or, if they have in any manner whatever, by fractions or machinations, injured the country and the nation, both the guilty and their whole posterity shall be degraded from the honours of the palatine order, and they shall remain subject to perpetual slavery to the private treasury, saving the clemency of the king.'

The 18th section says, that 'on the commencement of a new reign, the great men who have obtained dignities and favours from

the preceding king, are not to be deprived of them, unless they have proved themselves unworthy.'

What we have quoted of this chapter will show how necessary the edition of the laws of the Visigoths, published by the Spanish Academy, was to complete the collection which contain the laws of the different people who succeeded to the domination of Rome, and which have been called by the general name of *BARBARORUM LEGES ANTIQUÆ*.

The chief object of the Academy was to make known the ancient Castillian idiom, and there is no doubt but its labours will be extremely useful to those who may wish to explore its origin and formation: This edition contains a glossary of all the words, the explanation of which presented some difficulty, whether in the Latin of the middle ages, or in the ancient Castillian.

The labour performed by the Spanish Academy appears to me (says M. Raynouard) so perfectly well executed, and so evidently useful, that I think I cannot sufficiently commend it. I finish this article by expressing a wish which is formed by all lovers of the Spanish literature: May the Academy bestow the same zeal, the same care, and employ the same means, to give editions of the *CANZONERO* and the *ROMANCERO*, those two famous monuments of the ancient Castillian literature.

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ART. VII.—*Masquerades at Berlin.* Communicated by Professor Boettiger.

[From the London Journal of the Belles Letters.]

**T**HE publication of a very elegant work at Berlin, descriptive of a grand masquerade which was given at the court of the king of Prussia, in the commencement of last year, induces us to give some account of this entertainment.

Among the continental cities, where a masquerade at court is almost constantly a part of the amusements in the time of the carnival, there is probably not one in which there is so great a display of magnificence, elegance, and classic taste, as at Berlin. On three particular occasions during these last eighteen years, the fetes of this description were so distinguished by the union of the above qualities, that a particular work has been dedicated to the description of each.

That of the 22d of March 1802 had a twofold object: to celebrate the birth-day of her majesty the late queen, (which was properly on the 10th) and by a grand pantomimic dance in the palace of his royal highness prince Ferdinand of Prussia, to commemorate the recovery of that prince from his illness. The ingenious idea of the fete invented by the aulic counsellor Hirt, represented Dedalus and his statues.

In the year 1803, the queen, who had just been confined with the princess Alexandrina, could not be present at the fete dedicated to her birth-day. The greater was the general eagerness, the

following year, to celebrate the return of the day. The 12th of March 1804 was fixed upon for the purpose, and the Royal theatre was elegantly fitted up for a grand masquerade, with *quadrilles*, the first and principal of which represented the return of Alexander the great from India, and his marriage with the princess Statura, daughter of Darius.

The succession of important events that filled the succeeding years, the almost total ruin of the Prussian monarchy, and the death of the queen in particular, left neither time nor inclination for these gay scenes; the toga gave place to arms, and the sportive muses Euterpe and Terpsichore to their austere sister Clio.

It was therefore long before an opportunity offered for a third fete of the same kind, which was afforded by the recent marriage of his royal highness prince Frederick of Prussia, nephew to his majesty the king, with princess Louisa of Anhalt-Bernburg, which was solemnized at Ballenstaedt, and in honour of which a series of fetes were given at Berlin, of which the masquerade on the 8th of February far exceed all the rest in splendour.

On that evening, his majesty the king allowed above three thousand masks to receive cards of invitation or admission to the royal palace. In the splendour of innumerable wax-lights, the gay throng floated in expectation of the moment when the procession was to pass before them. The door opened. The beautiful allegory proceeded slowly and majestically through a long suite of apartments, representing the union of two hearts, and consecrating this union by the mystical rites of antiquity, and by chosen examples of heroic, romantic, chivalrous, and princely love.

The white saloon, the most simply elegant in the palace, received the train of seventy-nine persons, without the cupids. It entered, preceded by two temple heralds, and by Comus the god of mirth. Two elegant triumphal cars broke the uniformity of the procession. In the first stood Psyche and Eros Uranios; behind them Hymen with his torch and garland. In the second car was Hera Teleia, consecrating the union of hearts. A throng of male and female attendants of Eros, Psyche, and Juno, partly drew, partly accompanied and surrounded the cars of the divinities, of whose train the graces formed as a necessary part as the graver priestesses of Juno.

After the mysterious symbols of life and love, there advanced, preceded by Cupids, and issuing from the 'Gate of the Past,' life and love, represented by sixteen couple of heroic lovers in the following order:

1. Cadmus (prince George of Hesse) and Hermione. 2. Hector and Andromache. 3. Ulysses and Penelope. 4. Abradates (the crown prince) and Panthea (princess Frederica.) 5. Mausolus and Artemisia. 6. Alexander (prince William, the king's brother) and Roxana (princess Alexandrina.) 7. Antiochus and Stratonice. 8. Arminius and Thusnelda. 9. Germanicus (prince Augustus of Prussia) and Agrippina. 10. Valentinian (prince Charles) and Eu-

doxia. 11. Otto (duke Charles of Mecklenburg) and Adelaide (princess William.) 12. The Cid and Chimene. 13. Houn and Amanda. 14. Ruggiero and Bradamante. 15. Peter of Provence and Magelone. 16. Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne.

The white saloon, which was fitted up and appropriated to the representation, and diversified *Tableaux* and groupings of the Quadrille, was peculiarly adapted by its at once simple and grand decorations, by its antique form and spaciousness, for the festal occasion. The lofty hall, the architectural unity of which was not interrupted by any modern additions, contained about 400 spectators on the *Estrades* (running along the walls,) covered with scarlet cloth, and divided from the centre space by Thyrsus staves with garlands. The wall opposite the entrance was occupied by the royal band on a raised stage, covered with scarlet cloth. The king, with the members of the royal family, who remained as spectators, and the new married couple, sat upon elevated seats on the left of the orchestra, the latter in the ancient German dress, wearing the colours of Hohenzollern and Anhalt.

The work, of which we have spoke above, represents on 13 copper plates, of which 12 are coloured, the principal characters and groups of this festival. The faithfulness of the representation, and the beauty of the colouring, leave nothing to be desired. It is a monument of taste, which perhaps could not have been produced except by the concurrence of so many favourable circumstances. The first requisite of such a pantomimic fete, viz. unity of the leading idea, was afforded by the object of the day, to celebrate a marriage in the royal family. Thus all is connected with a procession (*pompa* in the ancient sense) to the honour of the great patroness of marriage, Juno, Pronuba, or Hera Teleia. It thus becomes, as the Greeks named it, a *sacred marriage*. Hieroduloi and Hierokerykoi attend the festival. Priestesses consecrate it. The whole procession, as above described, is finely represented on the 13th plate. Two men, well versed in the customs of all ages, gave all the requisite directions for the costumes; the Aulic counsellor Hirt, so distinguished for his researches into antiquity, for all relative to the antique, and the judicious and active intendant of the Royal theatre, count Bruhl, for every thing relative to the middle ages and more modern times. The first four coloured plates represent Cupid and Psyche (very differently indeed from what we see them in the well known groups, or on the celebrated Cameo of the duke of Marlborough, by Tryphon,) but much must be placed to the account of the veil, which is here hardly visible. Hymen; the three Graces, with garlands of flowers; Hera Teleia, with her priestesses; the herald; Comus and Momus; and, lastly, two male and two female Hieroduloi. Then follow, in 8 plates, the 16 couple, two upon each plate. It is necessary to read the instructive introduction, in order to place ourselves in the point of view from which the two inventors and directors of the antique and the modern romantic costume desire to be judged of in their endea-

vours to reconcile the national and characteristic with the agreeable and theatrical. It is only thus that it is possible to avoid pedantry on the one hand, and fantasticalness on the other. Nay, we may assume what is said in this introduction pretty nearly as the rule, according to which, as things now are, we may proceed in all our theatrical and masquerade costumes. It must be also remembered, that in the choice and mixture of the colour, it was necessary to have regard to the nocturnal illumination, and that on this account we must not be surprised to see Hymen, for instance, not in yellow, but in bright red drapery; further, that it was necessary to aim at striking contrasts, and that therefore many costumes, particularly in the ancient Asiatic and old German taste, received many ornaments not properly belonging to them. If we make due allowance for all this, we shall not be offended at some trifling deviations from the strict costume; especially because, if we were called upon to contrive it better, we should certainly be very much embarrassed. Every where, in the costume of the figures of the heroic ages, we see the profound antiquarian. In the same manner, the costumes arranged by count Bruhl, from the time of Byzantine magnificence, down to Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne, are all well chosen, and with a view to the greatest magnificence, which was here indispensable.

The short hints which the judicious and tasteful contriver of these characters has scattered in the explanations, show how much he could say on the subject in a proper place. It were much to be wished that in his leisure time, upon which, indeed, there are too many claims, he might be able to display to us the christian romantic world, in an express work on the costume, as it begins from the Dalmatica and Labarum, down to the modern Spanish at the beginning of the 16th century, with accurate drawings, which are indispensable, and also quoting the authorities. Perhaps lithography may attain every where the high degree of perfection which it has acquired in Munich, and thus render it possible to represent the genuine metallic costumes at a smaller expense.

We would address the same request to M. Hirt, in respect to the Asiatic, Egyptian, Scythian, and Greek Etruscan (of which the Roman is only a branch.) The indefatigable Millin at Paris had been engaged many years in collecting rare and chosen materials on the subject, and published a small but important work, on theatrical costume, preparatory to a large work with numerous plates. The unfortunate fire, which during his three years' tour in Italy threw into disorder, if it did not consume, all his papers and collections, together with the unpropitious times, caused the execution of this plan to be indefinitely delayed. He began, however, to collect and to arrange anew. And what means had he at his command, in the situation he was placed in at Paris! But his death, by which his friends and the sciences are equal sufferers, for ever destroyed this plan. Let Hirt then, whose mythological picture-book has already been of so much use, no longer delay to acquire this merit. How much would we give if we had such a book of costumes re-

maining from the brilliant times of classic antiquity! For the plastic monuments, every where aiming at the naked, are founded on conventional laws, very different from the picturesque rules of our theatrical costumes, and they lead the imprudent greatly astray. One source for antique costume is, however, by no means exhausted; viz. the vases, of which more are daily discovered and published. People will at length be tired of the mere bacchanals, which have been multiplied to excess, and only really new and interesting subjects will be copied, as has been lately done with much judgment by James Millington, collected from the vases of sir John Coghill.

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ART. VIII.—*Human Life*, a poem by Samuel Rogers. London 1819. Small 4to. pp 94. Reprinted and published at Philadelphia by M. Thomas in 24mo. pp. 62.

[The following are the remarks of the London Literary Gazette upon this little work. They are at least as favourable as the poem deserves. Indeed if such poetry, so lifeless, so spiritless, so common-place, had been written and published *here*, our critics would not have allowed the poet to escape so well, nor would the public taste have rewarded the splendid quarto. Mr. Rogers seems to have improved the smoothness of his versification, but to have lost the vigour of his genius.]

**HUMAN LIFE**—a trite but interesting subject to human beings; a subject inexhaustible, and which has exhausted every species of intellectual intelligence; a subject upon which nothing new can be said, and much of what is old may be repeated, to the delight of mankind, if repeated well. Such is the theme adopted by Mr. Rogers for a poem, the extent of which is a sketch of one view of the great drama that is designated, rather than a grand outline of the many and important aspects it presents to the philosophical mind. In this sketch the pencilling is beautiful, the conception refined, the design pleasing upon the whole—the execution elegant, and the general feeling of an admirable tone. We cannot look upon it without recognising an amiable disposition in the artist; a sensibility of the purest order, alike removed from the confines of mawkish sentiment and of hard unkindness: a heart touched with the ills of life and the griefs of other men, seems to speak in one or two of the most affecting passages descriptive of the death of beloved objects, and the ideas of the writer are expressed with a simple though polished pathos, which claims and ensures a corresponding emotion.

The impression made upon us by the perusal of *Human Life* is that of an agreeable melancholy. There are parts which excite deeper sensations; but the general tendency is of this delightful cast.

As mere readers we should offer no other opinion upon the merits of this production; but as bringing it critically before the public, we are bound to enter a little more into detail. The extracts

which we shall add to these brief remarks will prove that the highest degree of admiration is due to many felicitous effusions which it contains, especially to those pourings out of the soul which sympathy has attuned to the misfortunes or woes of fellow creatures. Throughout the poem the style is tender, and far above the level of undistinguished verse. The pictures are almost invariably clearly defined, though in one or two instances we are at a loss for the author's precise meaning, and his language is involved in an obscurity which the slightest grammatical alteration would probably elucidate. The rhythm is very musical, and the rhyme, taken altogether, good. We do not dislike the occasional change from the regular heroic measure to triplets, nor to the line with a trochaic close; but in so short a poem (not exceeding six hundred lines) there is an objectionable recurrence to the same terminations; and the use of one word, in itself neither poetical nor called for by the sense of the passage, we must notice as the principal critical blemish of the composition. We allude to the pronoun '*there*,' which, though nothing better than an expletive in three out of the four places in which it is employed, serves as a rhyme for about a dozen of times. '*Then*' is also impressed into the same service, and the conclusion in *ire*, for example, fire, require, admire, desire, &c. &c. &c. occurs so often, as to produce an idea of sameness. In short, while acknowledging their correctness, we may complain of the want of variety in the rhymes.

But without dwelling further at present on such minute spots, except to point them out as they cross us in our annexed quotations, we proceed to the more gratifying task of laying before our readers those extracts which we have selected as fair specimens of the work.

The introduction is not inferior to any equal number of continuous lines in the poem.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;  
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby.  
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,  
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:  
For now the caudle cup is circling *there*,\*  
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail  
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;  
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;  
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:  
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,  
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,  
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled.'

\* One of the examples of the inappropriate use of this pronoun.

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;  
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees  
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,  
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,  
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,  
 Stand *still*\* to gaze, and gazing, bless the scene;  
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side  
 Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,  
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;  
 When in dim chambers long black weeds *are*† seen,  
 And weepings heard where only joy had been;  
 When by his children borne, and from his door  
 Slowly departing to return no more,  
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.  
 And such is human life. - - - -

These verses, and the notes we have appended to them, will convey our sentiments on the whole poem. Were it not exquisitely wrought, and laboriously polished throughout, we should not think it worth minute and microscopical criticism: but it is on the finest mirrors that the smallest specks are seen.

The next paragraph which we shall copy is one of more unmixed beauty, and may be esteemed a free paraphrase from Bossuet's Sermon on the Resurrection.

Our pathway leads but to a precipice;  
 And all must follow, fearful as it is!  
 From the first step 'tis known; but—No delay;  
 On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.  
 A thousand ills beset us as we go.  
 —' Still, could I shun the fatal gulf'—Ah, no,  
 'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law!  
 Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.  
 Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers invite,  
 And groves and fountains—all things that delight.  
 'Oh I would stop, and linger if I might!'—  
 We fly; no resting for the foot we find;  
 All dark before, all desolate behind!  
 At length the brink appears—but one step more!  
 We faint—On, on! we falter—and 'tis o'er!

The author, after some general reflections, now proceeds through the different stages of human life, differing in his classification from the seven ages of Shakspeare. He divides his subject into Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Love, Marriage, Domestic Happiness and Affliction, War, Peace, Civil Dissention, Retirement from Active Life, and Old Age and its enjoyments. The portraiture of infancy is very pretty; but the transition from Manhood to Love is rather abrupt; nor is the latter subject so happily treated as most of the others. It seems to us to be too familiar rather than playful. The delineation of domestic bliss is at once more eleva-

\* An indefinite, and here an improper word.

† The change of time from the *shall* in the preceding line to this *are*, has a bad effect.

ted and natural, but we pass it by for the still better painted picture of domestic calamity.

But man is born to suffer. On the door  
Sickness hath set her mark; and now no more  
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild  
As of a mother singing to her child.  
All now in anguish from that room retire,  
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,  
And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,  
But she who gave it birth—from her alone  
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,  
And through the day, that with its dreary light  
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,  
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:  
While they without, listening below, above,  
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)  
From every little noise catch hope and fear,  
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,  
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness  
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—  
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,  
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh  
At midnight in a sister's arms to die!  
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,  
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!  
And, when recalled to join the blest above,  
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,  
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,  
When idle fancy wove luxuriant flowers,  
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee;  
And now I write—what thou shalt never see!

At length the father, vain his power to save,  
Follows his child in silence to the grave,  
(That child how cherished, whom he would not give,  
Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live;)  
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade  
Scatters the earth as 'dust to dust' is said,  
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief  
Consoling others in that hour of grief,  
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing  
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

The last six lines, we think, weaken the effect of the affecting passages which precede them, and especially of the two exquisitely fine touches in the parentheses; the whole quotation is, however, extremely beautiful, and there are few parents who will not feel and confess its truth.

The remainder of the poem depicts a fortunate old age, and retirement from the busy scenes of the world—such retirement as is enjoyed only by the happy few to whom it is given to eke out a youth of little toil, with a sequel of easy abundance—who having no occasion to stem the torrent of adversity, and buffet with its waves, may sink peacefully into the decline of years, unvexed with cares, and never harrassed with the dread of want. Alas! that the

old age of the vast majority of mankind should be so much the reverse of this.

The poem thus concludes.

- - - - - But the day is spent;  
And stars are kindling in the firmament,  
To us how silent—though like ours perchance  
Busy and full of life and circumstance;  
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,  
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;  
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—  
While from her lap another Nature showers  
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,  
Think on themselves, within, without inquire;  
At distance dwell on all that passes *there*,  
All that their world reveals of good and fair;  
And as they wander, picturing things, like me,  
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,  
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,  
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

We trust that these extracts will be thought to justify the favourable opinion we have ventured to express of this publication—that a gentleness and elegance of mind, tinged with much tenderness and considerable pathos, are its characteristics, and that without aiming at great elevation or force, its chaste and polished numbers are peculiarly calculated to be pleasing to all those who, like the author, may wish to

Fondly dream an idle hour away.

It remains for us also to sustain our judgment upon the few obscurities which appear to detract from the general lucidness of the construction.

Born in a trance, we wake, reflect, inquire;  
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.  
Of Elfin size—for ever as we run,  
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!  
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!

We must own that we do not comprehend the drift of these lines. Again only a few verses on—

And say, how soon, where, blithe and innocent,  
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,  
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,  
Tracing in vain *the* footsteps o'er the green;  
The man himself how altered, not the scene!

Here we guess the meaning, but cannot tell what are '*the footsteps*' the aged pilgrim is tracing in vain.

We must again apologize for particularising such slight and accidental oversights, but it is only, as we said before, in productions upon which labour has been bestowed, as well as true poetic genius displayed, that it is necessary to point out even the most trifling defects.

Two minor poems are added to *Human Life* in this volume: the first written at and on the subject of *Pæstum*; the last entitled *The Boy of Egremond*, and founded on a tradition current in Wharfe-dale, where at a place called the *Strid*, the catastrophe is

said to have happened in the twelfth century, to a son of William Fitz-Duncan, the nephew of David king of Scotland, who had laid waste the valley of Craven with fire and sword. Though both are worthy of the critic's praise, we only select the latter, as it admits of being transferred entire into our limits, as the conclusion of this notice.

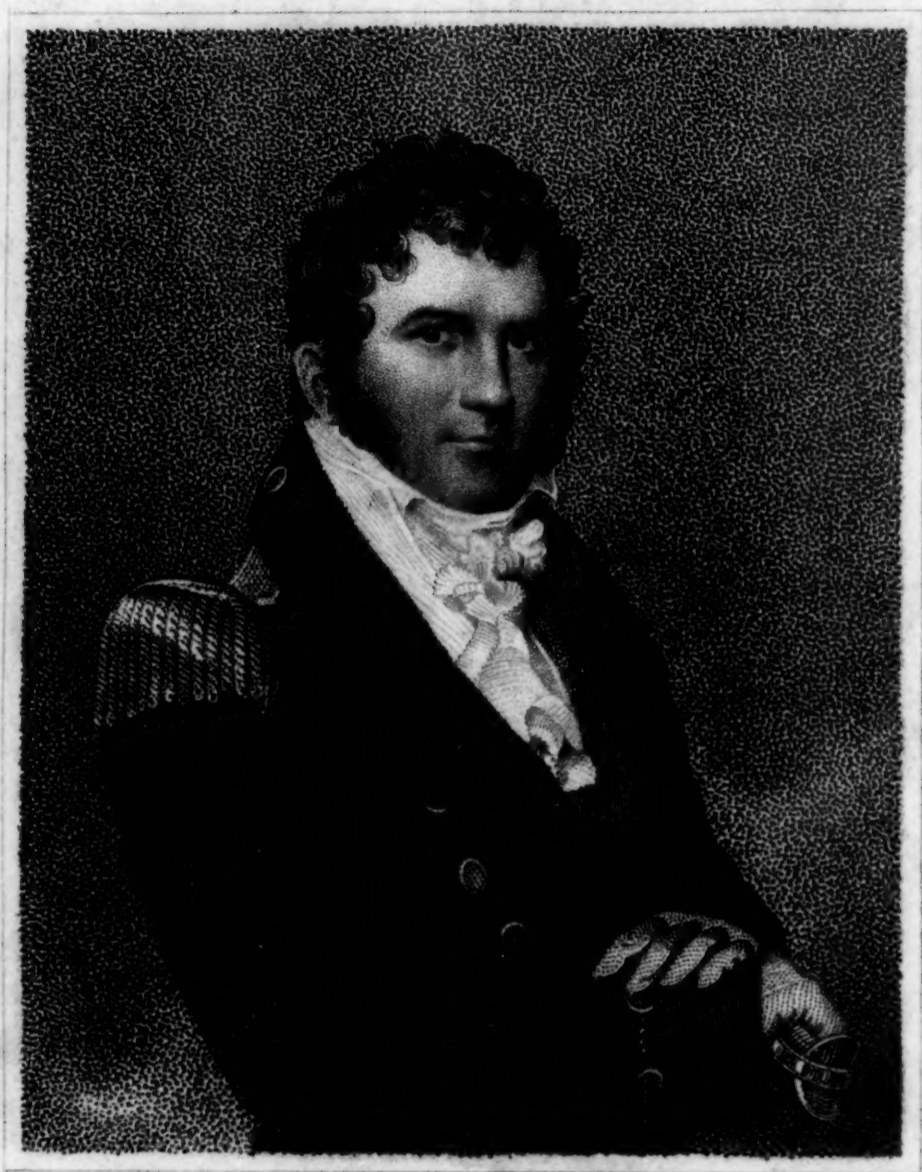
THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

' Say what remains when Hope is fled?'  
 She answered, ' Endless weeping!'  
 For in the herds-man's eye she read  
 Who in his shroud lay sleeping.  
 At EMBSAY rung the matin-bell,  
 The stag was roused on Barden-fell;  
 The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,  
 And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;  
 When near the cabin in the wood,  
 In tartan clad and forest-green,  
 With hound in leash and hawk in hood,  
 The boy of Egremond was seen.  
 Blithe was his song, a song of yore,  
 But where the rock is rent in two,  
 And the river rushes through,  
 His voice was heard no more!  
 'Twas but a step, the gulf he passed.  
 But that step—it was his last!  
 As through the mist he winged his way,  
 (A cloud that hovers night and day.)  
 The hound hung back, and back he drew  
 The master and his merlin too.  
 That narrow place of noise and strife  
 Received their little all of life.

There now the matin-bell has rung;  
 The ' miserere!' duly sung;  
 And holy men in cowl and hood  
 Are wandering up and down the wood.  
 But what avail they? ruthless lord,  
 Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
 Here on the young its fury spent,  
 The helpless and the innocent.  
 Sit now and answer groan for groan.  
 The child before thee is thy own.  
 And she who wildly wanders *there*,  
 The mother in her long despair,  
 Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
 Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;  
 Of those who would not be consoled  
 When red with blood the river rolled.

We have only to add, that this volume is so beautifully printed as to be an excellent example of typography, and though we do not approve of such expensive modes of getting up works for the public, yet as we suppose the present is only a sort of *fancy edition*, as a preliminary to an appearance in a cheaper form, we abstain from saying that we wish it were more agreeable to the usual practice of publishing in a neat and convenient form at a moderate price.





THOMAS GAMBLE ESQ.

late of the U.S. Navy

*Engraved by J. B. Longacre from a Painting by Waldo.*

*For the Analytic Magazine.*

*Porter printer.*

ART. X.—*Biographical Notice of the late Captain Gamble.*

(With a portrait.)

THE lives of those, who by their virtues or services have acquired an honourable name in their country, excite a curiosity always earnest in its inquiry, and delightful in its gratification. There is a harmless vanity that prompts us to claim, even by the most remote connexion, some participation in the glory and rewards of distinguished men. We covet a relationship to them, and instances occasionally occur, that lead us to feign or feel the general consanguinity of a whole nation. These are seen in the high and attractive standards of human excellence, around which a people rally with the warmest feelings of family partiality and affection; feelings which offer an equal tribute to human eminence, however diversified its paths. Those who determine to live and labour for the cause of humanity, may choose with indifference the mode and place of their service—the fellowship of virtuous and elevated actions will raise them all to one kindred rank in the world.

'Tis true the pursuit of manly and permanent fame is generally cheerless or repulsive; and demands a vigour of industry and resolution, that, under present self-denials, can look forward with patient anticipation to a distant, though certain possession. There are however some means of distinction,—more alluring in their prospects, and more immediate in their gratifications—which even in the midst of their employment, call forth that public admiration and favour, which in other pursuits are received only as an ultimate reward. This is exemplified in the early fame attending the profession of arms. There is an interest and grateful feeling towards the fate of those, who offer their lives to the service of their country: their success is identified with the honour of their nation; public attention follows its steps with enthusiasm, and marks its issue with applause. The fields of war furnish those rare occasions to human ambition, where the ardour of youth may reach its desired glory and attain to an equal measure of renown with the wisdom and experience of age.

Thus we all saw, during the late war with England, the warmth of public feeling, and the grateful tribute of its honours; and we all remember, how ample a portion of them was bestowed on the youthful heroes of the land. Their deeds on the ocean were the universal theme, and proud examples of fame were exhibited in glorious succession to the world.

With these remarks, we shall offer to our readers a short notice of the life and character of the late captain Gamble, in the belief that the simple detail of his services, and this unfeigned tribute to his memory will be sufficient to give his name a deserved place in the grateful and lasting remembrance of his countrymen. We are aware that his fame had not yet come before the world in its full and promised lustre; but he had fulfilled the duties of his short

career, in the most faithful and exemplary manner, and those who knew him, will bear witness to the truth of our narrative.

Thomas Gamble was born Recklestown, in the state of New Jerrey, on the 24th of December, 1783. He was the second son of major William Gamble, an officer of the revolutionary army. His early youth was passed amid the quiet and seclusion of the place of his birth; and though its minor events and promises are still in the recollection of his friends, they do not here require a particular enumeration—It is a general fact that the characteristics of the man are exhibited through youth in fainter though distinguishable traces; and, that the same mode of moral and intellectual qualities, influenced perhaps by education, appears in the successive periods of human life; and we hope to show, ere this memoir is concluded, a full reason for inferring that the boyhood of captain Gamble was both virtuous and intelligent. He remained at Recklestown until about the age of twenty, at which time he had acquired a useful and practical education, and had qualified himself for mercantile business. He early entertained a predilection for a sea-faring-life, and even in his retired station looked forward with anxiety and eagerness to the world and its distant prospects. This passion for the adventures of the sea has often filled, and elevated the youthful heart: and aftertime has decided whether it was the thoughtless ardour of inexperience, or one of those instinctive agencies that occasionally determine the characters and fortunes of men. In the year 1804, captain Gamble left the place of his birth to gratify his favourite inclination, and immediately afterwards began his naval career.

His first voyage was to England as a sailor in the merchant service. His aim in this service was to qualify himself for that station in the navy for which his application was then made; thus wisely seeking a preparatory knowledge during that indefinite period too frequently consumed in idle expectation—With an independent pride, he resolved to enter his profession by the humble duties of the fore-castle, and through them to learn in practical detail, the rules of seamanship and subordination. On his return from England he received a midshipman's warrant in the navy of the United States, and was immediately ordered to join the frigate Congress, then equipping for the Mediterranean service, and commanded by commodore Rodgers. An association with that officer here commenced and continued during the greater part of captain Gamble's naval life. He sailed with him successively in the frigates Constitution and Essex, and served in the Mediterranean during the Tripolitan war: and whilst thus advancing in the knowledge of his profession, he gained the approbation of his superior officers, and the warm attachment of those with whom he was connected. The detail of the minor incidents in the life of most men, is either tedious or unimportant, and in this notice of captain Gamble, we do not wish to be more circumstantial than justice to his memory requires. It is no small commendation to say, that whilst a

midshipman, he was generally at sea, and discharged with alacrity, intelligence, and faithfulness the duties of that station.

In April 1810, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and was soon afterwards appointed to the frigate *President*, then commanded by commodore Rodgers; and continued with him in that vessel during the greater part of the late war. He was her first lieutenant in her memorable escape from the British squadron in the North Sea, and was equally conspicuous for his attention and alacrity in the responsible duties of his post. That frigate had during the war, a character for equipment and discipline that was the reliance and boast of her country, and had spread abroad a fame for bold and active enterprise that was the frequent report of Europe. The skill and adventurous spirit of her commander, and his accomplished and effective associates, warned an appalled adversary to shun the certain disaster of single combat, and taught him, that the safety of contention, or the hope of triumph, was to be sought only in the strength of greatly overbalanced force, or in the combined operation and pursuit of squadrons. The *President* frigate never met the long sought opportunity of justifiable fight, and when at last she yielded her flag to the enemy, she gave him a worthless wreck, over which he might mingle his proud exultations on the destruction of a dangerous foe, with a questionable satisfaction at the gainful efforts of his timorous prudence.

On the return of the *President* in the year 1814, captain Gamble was transferred under the command of commodore Rodgers to the *Guerriere*, then fitting out at Philadelphia. From this station, he accompanied the commodore who hastened with his crew to the defence of Baltimore, then menaced by a British force. It is well known, how much the active and meritorious services of the officers of the navy upon that memorable occasion, contributed to the safety of that city. The citizens of Baltimore have duly appreciated their gallant and skilful exertions, and with the generosity of valour, have always shared with them the honour of their success.

In December 1814, captain Gamble was made a lieutenant-commandant, and separated from commodore Rodgers. He had accompanied that officer in all his service for more than eight years; and from his undeviating course of duty, his accomplishments as an officer, and his unimpeachable conduct even in its trifle, had won from his commander a personal attachment, which ended only with his life. We pause on this friendship! it speaks a full encomium on the youth.

Shortly after receiving his commission, captain Gamble was appointed to the command of the *Spark*, and sailed, the succeeding summer, with the squadron destined to Algiers, under the command of commodore Decatur. The early and brilliant termination of the war with that power, reflected additional lustre upon the American navy, and the gallant individuals who conducted its operations. Europe saw, and honoured an activity that gave in almost daily succession a blow, a triumph, and a treaty! On the

occasion of the short and desperate resistance made by the Algerine frigate and brig when overtaken by the American squadron, it was the good fortune of captain Gamble to be favoured with an opportunity of battle, and to display before his countrymen that personal gallantry, with which his soul was so eminently gifted. After the capture of the frigate, he was ordered with the boats of the *Spark*, and the other smaller vessels to pursue the brig. At the head of his gallant crew, he overtook, boarded, and captured her, after an intrepid and sanguinary contest. This is the short history of the naval conflicts of that war; and captain Gamble was fortunate and honoured as a young officer, in bearing a conspicuous part in its single but decisive exploit. The captured frigate, was soon afterwards restored by commodore Decatur, and captain Gamble, who in the interval, had been appointed to her charge, carried her to Algiers, and delivered her to the dey. Here he conciliated the esteem and respect of those around him, and soon after received as a testimonial of regard, a costly sabre from the bey of Tripoli.

In the autumn of this year, he returned to the United States; honourably known to his naval companions, and advancing in the track of future distinction in his profession. In the summer of 1816, he was promoted to the rank of master commandant; and having obtained a furlough, went to England to visit an aged uncle, major Thomas Gamble, to whom he was much attached. He afterwards visited France, about the time lord Exmouth's expedition was preparing against Algiers. Believing the events of this expedition might probably produce some employment for the American arms in that quarter, he relinquished a previous intention of returning to his country, repaired to the Mediterranean, and was immediately assigned to the command of the *Erie* sloop of war.

And here began and terminated the prospects of his more extended usefulness. Whilst commander of the *Erie*, he was always indefatigable in the paths of his duty, and watchful of the interests of his crew. He had, as a young officer, an eligible station, and he resolved to employ its opportunities. But alas! in the schemes of human grandeur, we forget there is a wise but fateful will in Heaven—In the midst of his scenes of duty, he was seized with a lingering and fatal disease; and at the naval hospital at Pisa, on the 10th of October, 1818, in his 35th year, he yielded up his manly and generous spirit.

This is a short narrative of the leading incidents in the life of captain Gamble; but enough to show he was an officer above the rank of ordinary accomplishment—a distinction of no common merit, when made among the officers of the American navy.

We have a few words for the personal virtues of captain Gamble; and those qualities, which made him so much beloved as a son, a brother, and a friend. The fulness of their excellence is declared in the place and manner of their record—for they are warmly remembered by his companions, and mournfully registered in the hearts of his family. His person was formed in singular

manly beauty, and would every where have invited to acquaintance and favour. He was brave, generous, and humane; and in the world, was governed by the purest principles of conduct. His gentleness, sprightliness, and diffidence were attractions endearing him as a man, and promising to adorn him hereafter as a hero.

We would yet add a consideration, not unrelated to the credit of his name. He was one of five brothers, four of whom have devoted their lives to the service of their country. His youngest brother, Peter Gamble, was commodore Mc Donough's first lieutenant, and fell whilst gallantly fighting in the memorable battle of Champlain. The relatives of lieutenant Gamble received a medal voted by congress to his memory. His brother, major John M. Gamble served as a lieutenant of marines, under captain Porter in his celebrated cruise in the Pacific Ocean; and is honourably known to the world for his gallantry and undaunted constancy, in encountering the trials of that enterprising service. The remaining brother, Francis Gamble is now a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. Such offerings, have in all nations, given honour or nobility to family—and in the proud, but unwritten heraldry of our citizens, they establish a lineage of patriotism, that Americans in grateful remembrance will rejoice to blazon and respect.

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ART. XI.—*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*; or, Ireland Vindicated: An attempt to develop and expose a few of the multifarious errors and falsehoods respecting Ireland, in the Histories of May, Temple, Whitelock, Borlase, Rushworth, Clarendon, Cox, Carte, Leland, Warner, Macauley, Hume, and others: particularly in the legendary tales of the conspiracy and pretended massacre of 1641. By M. Carey. Philadelphia, 1819.

**M**R. CAREY is one of the many Irishmen that, relinquishing the endearments of their natal soil, have sought, under our free institutions, an enjoyment of that civil liberty and unrestrained exertion of honest industry, which the tyranny of its oppressors denied to them in their own much injured country. The lapse of many years, since he has been a citizen of the United States, the success which has crowned his labours in an arduous occupation, the new attachments formed by him during a long residence among us, and the respectability acquired by him as a member of our community, have not, however, had power to obliterate from his memory the land of his fathers, nor to chill the fervour of youthful devotion, imbibed among the scenes of his boyhood, towards suffering and slandered Ireland. He has, therefore, been induced to apply his moments of leisure in a laborious examination of some of the calumnious imputations cast upon the character of that nation by the policy or malignity of the British historians. And by a patient investigation of the sources from which they derive their facts, and a careful collection and comparison of the numerous authorities, has been enabled to exhibit to the world, in this publication, a most interesting and curious picture of the systematic rapine and mis-

representation which the Irish have endured at the hands of the government and writers of England; and at the same time, a conclusive refutation of the most serious, and most injurious charge which has rested on the national character of Ireland.

The story of her manifold wrongs has been so often told, that all but Irishmen are tired of the theme; and her sufferings have called forth so much of the finest eloquence both of verse and prose, that a repetition of them now would command a very faint attention.

Mr. C. has wisely avoided such a detail, and limited himself to a disquisition on a few prominent circumstances, relative to which, the friends of Ireland have been generally silent. Nor is his book a mere querimonious descant on the inhumanity of the British sway in that country; it is an indignant and impassioned, but certainly a most convincing argument to prove the falsity of certain accusations against the Irish people, which have been so boldly pronounced and acquiesced in so generally, that at first view, it seems idle now to controvert them.

The conspiracy and insurrection of 1641, and the horrible massacre then perpetrated by the Irish catholics upon the protestants and British, exceeding very far in atrocity and extent of mischief, that of St. Bartholomew or the Sicilian vespers, stands as an historical fact, on foundations apparently not less indestructible; and while it has been universally considered as fixing indelibly the foulest stain of ferocity on the national character of Ireland has also, in the words of our author, 'afforded some sort of countenance to the continuance of the remnant of an odious code of laws, by which rapine, cruelty, and demoralization have been legally systematized, and every principle of honour, honesty, good faith, justice, and sound policy violated.'\*

Historians of the highest character have exhausted their powers of indignant invective against the brutal and fiendlike conduct attributed to the Irish on that occasion. And history furnishes no scene more shocking to humanity, than that portrayed by Temple, Hume, and Russel, who all adopt, implicitly, the belief of a deliberate conspiracy of the most execrable nature, and describe a whole people as engaged in an unprovoked and savage massacre, 'worthy to be held in perpetual detestation and abhorrence.'

† 'The Irish,' says Hume, 'every where intermingled with the English, needed but a hint from their leaders and priests to begin hostilities against a people, whom they hated on account of their religion, and envied for their riches and prosperity.' 'After rapacity had fully exerted itself, cruelty, and the most barbarous that ever, in any nation, was known or heard of, began its operations. An universal massacre commenced of the English, now defenceless, and passively resigned to their inhuman foes.' 'Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound

\* Preface, page x.

† Hume's Hist. of Eng. vol. 6, p. 372.

peace and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continued intercourse of kindness and good offices.' 'Such enormities, though attested by undoubted evidence, appear almost incredible.' 'The English colonies were totally annihilated in the open country of Ulster. 'From Ulster, the flames of rebellion diffused themselves in an instant over the other three provinces of Ireland,' &c. p. 373.

Russel is but the echo of Hume, and follows him almost word for word—both, indeed, implicitly relying on the relation given by sir John Temple. But he adds, that 'the number of persons who perished by all these barbarities, is computed at forty thousand;'\* and subjoins in a note, 'many attempts have been made to throw a veil over the enormities of the Irish massacre. The natural love of independency, the tyranny of the English government, and the rapacity of the English soldiery, have been pleaded as powerful motives for rebellion, and strong incentives to vengeance in the breasts of the injured and oppressed natives; and much trouble has been taken to show, that the horrors of religious hate, though provoked by persecution, have been greatly exaggerated. But the vindictive and sanguinary disposition of the Irish catholics, in latter times, leaves no room to suppose, that the description of the cruelties of their bigotted and barbarous ancestors has been overcharged. The stimulating causes I have not omitted, nor have I concealed their effects. The general slaughter, I have reduced as low as even Mr. Brooke, the author of the trial of the Roman catholics of Ireland, could wish; but truth forbids me to disguise the atrocious circumstances with which it was accompanied.'

Rapin tells us† 'the Irish formed the project of casting off the English yoke, of seizing upon all the fortified places, and of *cutting the throats of all the English throughout the whole kingdom*. The day appointed for executing this bloody design, was the 23d of October, on which day they were to rise all over the island. The design was really executed, *as projected*; and it is said, on that and the following days, above forty thousand English protestants were massacred by the Irish.‡'

Clarendon, Voltaire, and Anquetil, besides all those authors of less note, mentioned in the title page, join in the hue and cry against the Irish. Yet, strange as it may seem, Mr. Carey satisfactorily establishes these remarkable positions,—that there is no reason to believe a conspiracy existed for a general *insurrection* in Ireland, on the 23d of October, 1641; still less a general conspiracy to '*cut the throats of all the English throughout the whole kingdom*.' And

\* Russel's Modern Europe, vol. 3, p. 291.

† Rapin's History of England, vol. 9, p. 340.

‡ This number, 40,000, is quite a moderate calculation, compared with that of Burton, who estimates it at 300,000, 'in a few months;' or of Temple, who says 300,000 in two years, 'murdered in cold blood, besides those few which fell in the heat of fight, &c.' or of May, Frankland, Baker, &c. who speak of 200,000; and Warwick, who says near 100,000 *in one week*.

that the stories of the massacres perpetrated by the Irish, are founded on the most palpable falsehood and perjury.

He further shows, conclusively, that the rebellion, such as it was, far from being *unprovoked*, was excited by a system of treatment in the greatest degree cruel and unjust, on the part of the government, arising from a predetermined plan to despoil the unhappy Irish of their lawful possessions.

When an author performs such service to the cause of truth, and successfully attempts a vindication of a whole people from calumnies, strengthened by the acquiescence of nearly two centuries, it would be worse than hypercriticism to quarrel with the collocation of his words, or the cadence of his sentences. Polished diction undoubtedly adds charms to truth, but important truths are not the less valuable because clothed in the plainest language. We shall not, therefore, enter at all into a discussion of our author's style; and if his frequent use of strong epithets may seem to evince a greater degree of angry feeling than is consistent with the calmness of elegant composition, the theme will surely be allowed to supply a justification for even warmer indignation.

'The strong language,' he says, 'of reprobation, which I have used towards the English administrations in Ireland, will probably excite the ire of some unthinking Englishmen, who may regard it as a libel on their nation. Such feelings can be entertained only by most illiberal minds. Every enlightened Englishman will sympathize in the horrible sufferings of Ireland, and consign to infamy the memory of those oppressors, whose rapine and cruelty inflicted so much misery on so fair a portion of the globe, and pursued a system so well adapted to eternize hostility between the two nations, and which had not a single feature calculated to secure the attachment of a people who, easily alienated by hostility, are proverbially celebrated for being as easily conciliated by kindness as any in the world.'

'My requisitions,' he adds, 'on the reader are few and simple. I merely request a candid and patient hearing; that no inveterate prejudice may be allowed to operate against me; and that the "*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*" may not be arraigned at the bar of criticism as if it were injudiciously offered to the world as a regular, systematic, finished work, to which it explicitly declines making any pretensions,—but rather as a series of distinct and somewhat desultory chapters, tending to prove certain points, each insulated from the rest. To this view I request the most particular attention; and that it may be constantly borne in mind, throughout the perusal of the work. I court and defy the most rigorous scrutiny into my facts and inductions. Let no mercy be shown to those on which there is the least doubt or uncertainty: let all be rejected, that do not carry with them irresistible conviction. If, in the ardent zeal I feel in what I deem the noblest of causes, I have occasionally over-rated the force of the evidence, and drawn conclusions which that evidence does not appear to warrant, on some

particular points, and if my positions on those be rejected, I trust that this decision will not affect any of the others. Let each stand forth substantively by itself, and not bring on the downfall of its neighbour by its error, or support its neighbour's error by its truth.'

It would have been more easy for us to give an analysis of the work, and to extract such portions in succession, as appear the most striking, if the writer had been more methodical in the arrangement of his matter. The subject appears naturally to divide itself into two main parts. 1. The examination of the evidence on which the story of the conspiracy and massacre depends; and 2, the *provocation* given for the rebellion, by the oppressive measures of the government. Perhaps the cruelties committed upon the Irish during, and after the rebellion, might make a third.

Mr. C. has not kept these considerations distinctly separated, nor do we say it was required by his object; but, in extracting, we shall endeavour to do so.

In the second chapter, the credibility of the accounts of the massacre, &c. is thus attacked:

'I have already hinted, that one of the principal objects of this work is to investigate the insurrection of 1641, strip it of the fraudulent misrepresentations by which it has been disfigured, and lay it before the world in the garb of truth.

'In order, therefore, to induce the reader to bring to the subject a large portion of candour,—to evince on how "sandy a foundation" this story rests,—to expose the blind credulity, or the sinister policy, of the great body of historians, who have given full faith and confidence to the narrative of sir John Temple, I shall submit a fair specimen of the documents on which his history depends for support. Fortunately for the holy cause of truth, but unfortunately for his character and his history, he has quoted his authorities at full length. They are taken from the "thirty-two thick folio volumes of depositions" mentioned by Warner,\* which exhibit such a mass of fraud, falsehood, absurdity, and let me add impossibility, as I may venture to assert never was exhibited before,—and, for the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped, never will be again. These depositions demand a much more detailed exposition than I can give them in the present chapter. It is a melancholy truth, that they form the basis of all the horrible narratives on this subject, of all the authors who have treated on it, from Temple to Clarendon, from Clarendon to Borlase, from Borlase to Hume, and from Hume down to Russel's *Modern Europe*. Temple embellished them with all the hideous colouring that could excite terror and abhorrence: and, I repeat, nearly all the succeeding historians have laid Temple under heavy contributions, and without adverting to the fabulous evidence on which he relies, and which carries its own condemnation with it, have borrowed not

\* Warner, 146.

merely his facts, but his very phraseology. The overwhelming decision of Dr. Warner, which I have quoted in page 20, ought to have set the question at rest, above fifty years ago.

‘I shall, therefore, devote several chapters to this particular subject, and give such copious extracts from the depositions, as will convince any man whose heart is not steeled, and whose conscience is not seared, against doing justice to the Irish, of the superlative wickedness of the tribunals which received such depositions, the equally superlative folly of the writer who filled his book with them, and the never-to-be-forgotten carelessness (to use the most favourable terms) of those writers who relied on such a deceptive, fraudulent guide.

‘To relieve the sombre hue of this long chapter, I shall give anticipatory extracts from a few of those wonderful tales, from which, as I have said, Temple and his copyists have drawn their highly-coloured pictures of the massacre.’

“Arthur Culm, of Cloughwater, in the county of Cavan, esquire, deposeth, That he was credibly informed, by some that were present there, that there were thirty women and young children, and seven men, flung into the river of Belterburt; and when some of them offered to swim for their lives, they were, by the rebels, followed in boats, and knocked on the head with poles; the same day they hanged two women at Turbert; and this deponent doth verily believe, that Mulmore O’Rely, the then sheriff, had a hand in the commanding the murder of those said persons, for that he saw him write two notes, which he sent to Turbert, by Brien O’Rely, upon whose coming, these murders were committed: and those persons who were present, also affirmed, that the bodies of those thirty persons drowned, did not appear upon the water till about six weeks after, past; as the said O’Rely came to the town, all the bodies came floating up to the very bridge; those persons were all formerly stayed in the town by his protection, when the rest of their neighbours in the town went away.”\*

‘It may not be time misemployed to examine this deposition, which, I beg to leave to say, is less exceptionable than many others of this precious collection. The deponent was, in the first place, “credibly informed,” that these persons “were flung into the river,” and this information he had from “some who were present there.” He “verily believed that Mulmore O’Rely had a hand in commanding the murder:” and his “belief” rested on the very cogent and convincing reason, that he “saw him write two notes, which he sent to Turbert by Brien O’Rely, on whose coming, these murders were committed.” On this strong evidence, Mulmore O’Rely, in all likelihood, lost his life and estate, which estate was probably guilty of the murder. In Ireland, in former times, under the mild government of England, large estates were frequently guilty of enormous crimes, particularly high treason, and deserv-

\* Temple, 122.

edly punished: and the larger they were, the more prone to guilt, and the more certain of punishment.

‘ But on casting my eye once more over the deposition, I find I overlooked the chief part of the evidence against Mulmore. The “thirty bodies” (seven remaining behind) rose up by common consent, when this murderer made his appearance, and “came floating up to the very bridge,” probably as public prosecutors of this horrid culprit. It is not said, unfortunately, whether they took their oaths to the murder: this is, however presumable; and it is to be supposed that it was owing to an oversight, that Temple was silent on the subject. A doubt has been started by a learned barrister, whether the appearance of these bodies, “floating up to the very bridge,” at the critical minute, when the said O’Rely “came to town,” is to be considered as positive or circumstantial evidence. Much of this would depend on the property of Mulmore. If he were not a very rich man, the appearance of “thirty bodies floating to the very bridge,” ought to be regarded as positive evidence; but if a poor man, not worth hanging, it ought to be set down as circumstantial.

‘ Another deposition, with equal gravity narrates a story of a man who was wounded in several places, his belly ripped up, and his entrails taken out, without bleeding!!

“ James Geare, of the county of Monaghan, deposeth, That the rebels at Clownes murdered one Jame Netterville, proctor to the minister there, who, although he was diversely wounded, his belly ripped up, and his entrails taken out, and laid above a yard from him, yet he bled not at all, until they lifted him up, and carried him away; at which this deponent being an eye-witness, much wondered; and thus barbarously they used him, after they had drawn him to go to mass with them.”\*

‘ Another states, that one of the rebels made three attempts to stab a woman with a drawn sword; but such was her trust in God, and such his miraculous protection extended to her on the moment, that she was absolutely invulnerable.’

“ Mr. George Creighton, minister of Virginia, in the county of Cavan, deposeth, among other particulars in his examination, That divers women brought into his house a young woman, almost naked, to whom a rogue came up on the way, these women being present, and required her to give him her money, or else he would kill her, and so drew his sword; her answer was, “ You cannot kill me unless God give you leave, and his will be done:” whereupon the rogue thrust three times at her naked body, with his drawn sword, and yet never pierced her skin; whereat, he being, as it seems, much confounded, went away and left her; and that he saw this woman, and heard this particular related by divers women, who were by, and saw what they reported.†”

‘ And this wonderful story, be it observed, is testified to by a reverend minister of God, who was admirably qualified to authen-

\* Temple, 88.

† Idem, 123.

ticate it, as "he heard it related by divers women, who saw what they reported."

' But the most extraordinary and extravagant circumstance is the appearance of the ghosts of murdered persons, which, according to those "manifest forgeries," received as "solid proofs,"\* stationed themselves in the middle of a river, breast-high, and remained there for three months, that is, from December 20th, 1641, till the following lent, seeking vengeance on the "bloody Papists," crying "Revenge, Revenge, Revenge."

" Catharine, the relict of William Cooke, late of the county of Armagh, carpenter, sworn and examined, saith, That about the 20th of December, 1641, a great number of rebels, in that county, did most barbarously drown, at that time, one hundred and eighty protestants, men, women, and children, in the river, at the bridge of Portendown; and that, about nine days afterwards, she saw a vision or spirit, in the shape of a man, as she apprehended, that appeared in that river, in the place of the drowning, bolt upright, breast-high, with hands lifted up, and stood in that posture there, until the latter end of lent next following: about which time, some of the English army marched into those parts, whereof her husband was one, (as he and they confidently told this deponent) saw that spirit or vision standing upright, and in the posture aforementioned; but after that time, the said spirit or vision vanished, and appeared no more, that she knoweth. And she heard, but saw not, that there were other visions and apparitions, and much shrieking and strange noise heard in that river, at times afterward. Jurat. February 24, 1643.†"

" Elizabeth, the wife of captain Rice Price, of Armagh, deposeth, and saith, That she, and other women, whose husbands were murdered, hearing of divers apparitions and visions, which were seen near Portendown bridge, since the drowning of her children, and the rest of the protestants there, went unto the bridge aforesaid, about twilight in the evening; then and there, upon a sudden, appeared unto them a vision or a spirit, assuming the shape of a woman, waist-high, upright, in the water, after repeating the word, Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! whereat, this deponent, and the rest, being put into an amazement and affright, walked from the place. Jurat. January 29, 1642."‡

' Almost every circumstance narrated in Temple's history, is corroborated by one or more depositions. Most of them are fully as absurd and as perjured as the above. A very large proportion are hearsay: "A. being credibly informed that B. had murdered one hundred protestants," &c. &c. In the devouring rage against the persons, and lust after the property, of the catholics, every kind of evidence was acceptable, no matter how absurd, improbable, or impossible.

' In the number of the witnesses, who testify to the pretended massacre, the most distinguished is a dean Maxwell, afterwards

\* Leland, iv. 131.

† Temple, 121.

‡ Idem, 122.

bishop of Kilmore, an abstract of whose deposition is to be found in the appendix to Borlase's history. It is a sort of history of the insurrection, and occupies no less than twelve large folio pages, which contain so many extravagant and impossible tales, that no man could swear to it but a perjurer. How many pages the whole contained, whether twenty, or fifty, or one hundred, it is impossible for me to decide; it is "to be sought for in the archives of Dublin."\* On the dean's authority rests the hacknied and Gulliverian assertion, that the precise number of one hundred and fifty-four thousand were massacred, in three months, in Ulster: and yet, wonderful to tell, there is in this very deposition, on the all-important topic of the "hundred and fifty-four thousand persons slaughtered," a most palpable and overwhelming contradiction, which at once destroys its credibility. In one part of it the dean swears that "it was credibly told him, that the persons slaughtered amounted to one hundred and fifty-four thousand, whether in Ulster or the whole kingdom, he durst not inquire." Why he durst not inquire, is not stated; and it is impossible to assign any reason:—the story carries absurdity on its face: the one kind of information was as readily and as soon acquired as the other. In a subsequent page, he swears positively, that "there were then above one hundred and fifty-four thousand wanting in the province of Ulster alone." This discordance, which would destroy the evidence, in any honourable court in christendom, of a Washington, a Franklin, a Fayette, a Sheridan, a Brougham, or a Wyndham, was of no importance in the era of perjury, anno 1642, when the lives and fortunes of the Irish were at stake, and when princely fortunes were the reward of the perjurer and his employer.

'Could there be a more extravagant idea held out, than the reason assigned for keeping an account of the murders, lest the murderers should be charged with a greater number than they actually killed? Some reason was necessary: but he who could not invent a more plausible pretext, was ill calculated for his trade of king's evidence. No man, whose grade of intellect ranks beyond that of an idiot, can give credit to such a ridiculous story. Yet on such authority most of the writers on Irish affairs, and among the rest, as we have seen, Milton himself, gave countenance to the precise number of one hundred and fifty-four thousand persons murdered in Ulster alone. On the trial of lord Macguire, the same legend, "with variations" in point of number, was sworn to by sir Charles Coote.'

*Sir Charles Coote's Testimony concerning the generality of the Rebellion.*

"Sir Phelim O'Neile and Roger Moore were the actors in the massacres; and by public directions of some in place, and of the titular bishops, for sending an exact account of what persons were murdered throughout all Ulster, a fourth part of the kingdom of Ireland, to the parish priests of every parish. And they sent in a

\* Borlase, App. 126.

† Idem, App. 132.

particular account of it, and the account was one hundred and four thousand seven hundred, in one province, in the first three months of the rebellion."\*

In chapter XV. Mr. C. gives at large the deposition of the informer O'Conally, on the veracity of which alone, rests the whole question of the *conspiracy*, for it does not appear that any other confession was made, except *upon the rack*, although measures were taken by the government, of the utmost severity; and the progress of the revolt was extremely tardy through the island.

The testimony of O'Conally, and the proceedings consequent upon it, are too long for an insertion; but it is, we may safely say, not such proof as any court of criminal jurisdiction in *our* country would consider sufficient to be the foundation of a conviction for the most trivial crime. Mr. C's analysis will give a very candid account of the 'legend,' as he not unaptly terms it.

' 1. A Roman catholic colonel is engaged in a plot, the object of which is to massacre all the protestants in the kingdom, except those who would join in murdering their brethren.

' 2. This colonel, in want of a confederate, sends about fifty miles to O'Conally, a protestant, to reveal to him this project.

' 3. O'Conally, who, in order to attach importance to his testimony, in some of the statements is styled "a gentleman," is, in fact and in truth, merely a servant to sir John Clotworthy, one of the most envenomed enemies of the Roman catholics, and, of course, a very suitable person to be entrusted with such a secret, and very worthy to be sent for to a place distant fifty miles.

' 4. O'Conally receives the letter on Tuesday, the 19th of October, at what hour is not known,—say nine o'clock; and, wholly ignorant of the nature of the affair which leads to the invitation, makes all his preparations at once, and commences his journey, we will suppose, about noon the same day.

' 5. He arrives, on Wednesday night, the 20th, at Conaught, after a journey of about fifty miles: and be it observed, *en passant*, that a journey of fifty miles, at that period, was as arduous an undertaking, and required full as much preparation, as a journey of two hundred miles at present.

' 6. Colonel Mac-Mahon, who had given him the option of coming on Wednesday or Thursday, so far broke his engagement, that he had started on Wednesday, for Dublin, previous to O'Conally's arrival, which took place on the night of that day.

' 7. O'Conally, nothing discouraged by the breach of engagement on the part of the colonel, follows him to Dublin.

' 8. He arrives in that city on the memorable Friday, the 22d of October, at six o'clock in the evening, one hour after sunset.

' 9. Monimore, where O'Conally received the friendly invitation to the throat-cutting party, appears, by Pinkerton's map, to be about ninety-three miles in a direct line from Dublin, and was probably

\* Trial of lord Macguire, 227.

a hundred and ten, or a hundred and twenty, by the usual circuitous windings of the road,—we will suppose only a hundred and ten.

‘ 10. Conaught, in Monaghan, is not to be found on any map. Its distance from the extreme points cannot, therefore, be ascertained; and, being left to range in the fields of conjecture, we will venture to suppose it was nearly mid-way, or fifty miles.

‘ 11. The climate of Ireland is very moist. Rains are generally abundant, particularly in autumn. Of course, the roads at that season were very probably miry, and difficult to travel.

‘ 12. It thus appears, that O’Conally has performed a journey of about fifty miles in a day and a half; that is from mid-day on Tuesday, to Wednesday night; and a hundred and ten in three days and a half, at a season of the year, when the sun rose about seven, and set about five; and this exploit was accomplished at a time when there was no diligences, or post coaches, or post-chaises, or steam-boats, to ensure expedition; and when, moreover, the roads were, as we have stated, in all probability in very bad order.

‘ 13. Nothing discouraged by the fatigue of his journey of a hundred and ten miles, nor by his previous disappointment, nor by the darkness of the evening, he commences a search for the lodgings of an entire stranger. And let it not be forgotten, that on this night the moon was invisible, a circumstance admirably calculated to aid his researches!

‘ 14. Instinct is a most valuable quality, and supplies the want of the most important senses: and the “servant,” or “gentleman,” aided by instinct, discovered, in the suburbs, the lodgings of the colonel; as sir John Falstaff, “by instinct,” discovered the mad-cap prince of Wales.

‘ 15. Although the colonel was engaged in “a good plot, and full of expectations,” to explode on Saturday at ten o’clock, A.M. O’Conally finds him alone at or about six o’clock on Friday evening, in the suburbs, and appears to have seen none of his brother conspirators until nine, at which time O’Conally left him.

‘ 16. The colonel takes him to the lodgings of a brother conspirator “into town,” at the distance, probably, of a mile or two.

‘ 17. This conspirator not being at home, the colonel, after having taken a drink of beer with his new friend, freely communicates “that there were and would be, this night, great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen of the Irish, from all parts of the kingdom,” whose object was “to cut off all the protestants that would not join them.”\*

‘ 18. And they then went back to “the said Hugh his lodgings,” in the suburbs, “near Oxmantown,” where O’Conally drank himself beastly drunk.

‘ 19. O’Conally, notwithstanding this temporary derangement in his pericranium, and that he was, two hours afterwards, unable to relate a consistent story, was alert enough to “leap over a wall,”

\* Temple, 20.

and afterwards "over two pales," which was a very remarkable exploit, for a man who had poured out so many libations to Bacchus.

"I have seen drunkards do more than this in sport."\*

'20. He found his way, "by instinct," probably, to sir William Parsons, into the town, to whom he communicated the whole affair.

'21. Here let us observe, by way of a parenthesis, that this very sir William had received information of a plot, several days before, from sir William Cole, "upon the very first apprehension of something that he conceived to be hatching among the Irish.†

'22. And further, that this lord justice had written to sir William Cole, "to be very vigilant in inquiring into the occasion of those meetings;"‡ whereby it appears he had suspicions of a conspiracy.

'23. Notwithstanding this information, sir William Parsons, who was jealous of some plot "hatching among the Irish;" who, of course, ought to be on the *qui vive*, and to take alarm on the slightest intimation of any scheme of that kind; receiving this "broken relation of a matter so incredible in itself," his lordship "gave very little belief to it at first, in regard it came from an obscure person, and one, as he conceived, somewhat distempered at that time."§

'24. "His lordship," with most wonderful sagacity, "hearing this broken relation" of a plot, to explode in about twelve or thirteen hours, for the purpose of cutting the throats of all the protestants, and his own very valuable throat among the rest, sends the informer, between nine and ten at night!! with "order to go again to Mac-Mahon, and get out of him as much certainty of the plot as he could!!!"||

'25. This informer, being so drunk, as we have stated, that, in an hour or two afterwards, he was unable to make a deposition, without letting "sleep, with her leaden and batty wings, creep over him," was therefore a most admirable spy to make further discoveries!!!

'26. After sending O'Conally to Mac-Mahon's lodgings, with strict orders "to return back unto him the same evening," sir William went "privately, at about ten of the clock that night, to lord Borlase's house, without the town,"¶ whereas O'Conally was directed to come to him at his house within the town.

'27. "They sent for such of the council as they knew then to be in the town," to lord Borlase's house, "without the town."\*\*

'28. There they fell into deep consultation "what was fit to be done, attending the return of O'Conally."††

'29. They then sent in search of him, and found that he had been taken by the watch, and rescued by the servants of sir William Parsons, "who had been sent, among others, to walk the streets and attend his motions."‡‡

\* Shakspeare.

† Temple, 18.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Temple, 19.

¶ Ibid.

\*\* Ibid.

†† Ibid.

‡‡ Ibid.

‘ 30. “Sensible that his discovery was not thoroughly believed, he professed that whatever he had acquainted the lord Parsons with, was true; and could he but repose himself, (the effects of drink being still upon him) he should discover more.”\*

‘ 31. “Whereupon, he had the conveniency of a bed.”†

‘ 32. “Having (on his repose) recovered himself,” he gave in his deposition.

‘ 33. This is dated the 22d, and of course must have been made before twelve o’clock.

‘ 34. This deposition gave a full detail of a most murderous plot, whereby “all the protestants and English, throughout the whole kingdom, were to be cut off the next morning.”

‘ 35. Possessed of this deposition, which required the most decisive measures of prevention, it becomes a serious question, what did the lord justices do? On this point the whole merits of the question might be rested: and, indeed, the investigation of any other might be wholly omitted. The answer to the above question is, “They took present order to have a watch privately set upon the lodgings of Mac-Mahon, as also upon lord Macguire!!!”

‘ 36. In a plain, simple case, in which a school-boy of ten years old could have at once pointed out the course to be pursued, they spend no less than five precious hours “in consultation,” and in devising ways and means for the public safety, notwithstanding that the sword, not of Damocles, but of Mac-Mahon and his bloody-minded associates, hung over them. “They sate up all that night in consultation,” having far stronger presumptions, upon the latter examination taken, than any ways at first they could entertain.”‡

‘ 37. The result of their long and painful consultation, from twelve o’clock at night till five in the morning, was, that at that late hour, they at length adopted the resolution of apprehending Mac-Mahon!!!!!!

‘ 38. The lords justices had received the names of some of the principal conspirators from O’Conally, and, among the rest, of lord Macguire; had privately set a watch, on Friday night, at his lodgings: they must of course have known that he was equally implicated with Mac-Mahon, and equally demanded the exercise of their vigilance; and yet they did not think of arresting him, until after the seizure of the latter, and a “conference with him and others, and calling to mind a letter received the week before from sir William Cole,” they “gathered” that he was to be an actor in surprising the castle of Dublin.§

‘ 39. Owen O’Conally swears, that in all parts of the kingdom, “all the English inhabitants there,” are to be destroyed “to-morrow morning;” but in the very next sentence, he swears, “that all the protestants, in all the sea-ports and other towns in the kingdom, should be killed this night.” It is not easy to conceive, how,

\* Borlace, 20.

† Ibid.

‡ Temple, 21.

§ Temple, 23.

after they were "all killed" on Friday night, they could be "all destroyed" on Saturday morning.

'40. O'Conally's deposition states, that the massacre is to begin at ten o'clock on the 23d; to be general in all the parts of the kingdom; that all the English inhabitants are to be cut off; and that all the posts that could be, could not prevent it. As this is the cardinal point in the affair, on which the whole turns, if it can be proved to be so unequivocally false and groundless, as to be utterly destitute of even the shadow of truth, then is the entire story a fabrication, and O'Conally a perjurer.

'41. That this explosion did not take place; and that, of course, there could not possibly have been a general conspiracy, we have superabundant testimony, as will appear in the subsequent paragraphs.

'42. We will first premise, that, as the arrest of Mac-Mahon and Macguire, in consequence of the pretended discovery of the sham plot, took place on the 23d of October, at five o'clock in the morning, just five hours before the time fixed for commencing the massacre, that circumstance could not have prevented an explosion in any other part of the kingdom, except in a very small portion of the circumjacent vicinity.

'43. Yet on Monday, the 25th of October, the lords justices wrote an elaborate and detailed account of the proceedings of the insurgents in the north of Ireland, with a prolix statement of various outrages, not only without the least hint or surmise, but even an utter exclusion of every idea of murder or shedding of blood.\*

'44. And further, we invoke the most earnest attention of the reader to this all-important fact:—Notwithstanding the pretended generality of the plot, the lords justices, by public proclamation, on the 29th of October, declared, that the insurrection was confined to "the mere old Irish of the province of Ulster, and others who adhered to them;" and that they were well assured of the fidelity of the old English of the Pale, and of the other parts of the kingdom.

'45. These two strong facts prove that such parts of O'Conally's deposition as relate to the general extent of the conspiracy, and the plot to "cut off all the protestants throughout the kingdom," are

\* In the despatch above referred to, dated October 25th, the lords justices, after having given an account of sundry outrages perpetrated by the insurgents in Ulster, without a word respecting bloodshed, add, "And this, though too much, is all that we yet hear is done by them."† This sentence, and the declaration in the proclamation of the 29th, that the insurrection was confined to "such of the mere old Irish in the province of Ulster, as have plotted, contrived, and been actors in this treason, and others who adhere to them," set the broad seal of condemnation and flagrant falsehood on the murderous part of O'Conally's deposition; and it is unnecessary to add, that when the main point of a story is proven to be false, the whole may be pronounced to be

"Lies, like the father that begets them,

"Gross as a mountain."†

† Temple, 30.

† Shakspeare.

wholly false, and that he of course was an abandoned perjurer; and would decide the question on these vital points, beyond appeal or controversy. But much stronger evidence remains behind, derived from Temple, Borlase, Carte, Leland, and Warner, to which we now invite the attention of the reader.

‘46. Munster continued tranquil for six weeks, although, according to the testimony of Warner, it contained but one troop of horse: and of course, when defended by such an insignificant force, had there been any reality in the plot, the Irish could and would have totally overwhelmed their oppressors.

‘47. Connaught was in the same state for six weeks, principally owing to the influence of lord Clanrickarde, a Roman catholic.

‘48. Leinster was likewise tranquil, except some outrages of small importance, until the beginning of December; as the summons to the lords of the Pale to come to Dublin, to consult on the affairs of state, was dated the 3d of that month, at which time there was no appearance of serious disturbance; and the butchery at Santry, by the sanguinary and merciless ruffian, sir Charles Coote, which was obviously intended to provoke, and actually led to, the insurrection in that province, that took place on the 7th.

‘49. And further, we have the testimony of Warner and Carte, that the insurrection was for about six weeks, confined almost wholly to the province of Ulster.

‘50. That the original views of the insurgents did not comprehend a general massacre, or even single murders, we have further testimony, clear and decisive, derived from Temple, Warner, and Leland, which independent of all other proof, would be sufficient to settle this question for ever, and utterly overwhelm O’Conally’s perjured legend.

‘51. Moreover, if there had been a plot for a general insurrection, and such a massacre as O’Conally swore to, there would have been some evidence produced from some of the conspirators: but, notwithstanding the lords justices had recourse to the execrable aid of the rack, and put Mac-Mahon and others to the torture,\* there is not, in the examinations of the former, a single word to corroborate the cut-throat part of O’Conally’s deposition. The examinations of the rest were never published.

\* ‘The first person put to the rack, was Mac-Mahon; whom the reader must remember to have been taken on O’Conally’s information, when the conspiracy was discovered. I copied his examination from the bishop of Clogher’s MSS. in the college library: and, on that examination, he had nothing but hearsay evidence to give; which amounts only to his having been told that lord Macguire, Sir P. O’Neil, and Philip O’Reily, were the chief conspirators; that all the chief papists in parliament last summer, knew and approved of the rebellion; that the committee then employed in England would procure an order from the king to proceed in their rebellious courses; that he was told, last October, that the king had given a commission to seize all the garrisons and strong holds; but he doth not say, he ever saw such a commission.”†

† Warner, 176.

‘ 52. There is not to be found in Temple, nor Borlase, nor Carte, nor Warner, nor Leland, nor Clarendon, nor, as far as we have seen, in Rushworth, the examination of a single person engaged in a conspiracy which was said to extend throughout the whole kingdom, except those of Mac-Mahon and lord Macguire! That of the latter was not taken till March, 1642.’

Such is really the character of the information pretended to be given by O’Conally; and upon the contradictory ravings of this besotted wretch, uncorroborated by either fact or testimony, has been founded that imputation upon the whole body of Irish catholics, of the most infernal plot which civilized or savage man was ever guilty. And yet, so little do writers of history (so called), investigate their authorities, that the veracity of this informer has never before, so far as we have seen, been called in question. To every student of the annals of Ireland, therefore, we may safely recommend the work of Mr. Carey, as essential to a right understanding of her story; unless, indeed, he be willing to undergo the fatigue of perusing that huge mass of books and records from which Mr. C. has selected the substance of his ‘*Vindiciæ*.’ And even to such, if such there be, this book would be a most useful guide and assistant.

The question of the number of the sufferers, is not less satisfactorily handled; but our limits compel us to close these remarks: we shall continue the subject hereafter, and at present take leave of the ‘*Vindiciæ*’ with the following extract, which exhibits an instance of liberality in the motives of the author, certainly very rare and commendable.

‘ Pecuniary considerations have had no place among the motives that led to this undertaking. This edition consists of only seven hundred and fifty copies, of which two hundred and fifty are intended to be gratuitously distributed to public libraries, reading-rooms, and enlightened individuals; in order to afford the work a fair chance of perusal, and my calumniated country an opportunity of justification. While that number lasts, any library company, sending an order for a copy, shall be supplied, without expense. Agents shall be appointed, to distribute the books, on this plan, in Boston, New-York, and Baltimore, &c.’

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#### ART. XII.—*British Currency.*

**I**N the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, there is an essay upon Mr. Ricardo’s plan of ‘an economical and secure currency,’ which he proposes to establish, by making bank notes payable not in coin but in pure bullion. By this measure, it is said the expenses of coinage would be saved, and there would also be less fluctuation in the value of bank issues. The reviewers strenuously advocate the scheme, and at the same time, urge as an alternative scarcely less preferable, the resumption of specie payments at the bank.

After stating that in the years 1814 and 1815, 'above two hundred and forty country banks became altogether bankrupt, or at least, stopped payment.' And that the 'total diminution of the currency during 1814, 1815, and 1816, has never been estimated at less than twenty millions, though it probably amounted to much more,' &c. They observe

'On every account, therefore, it is of infinite importance that the value of the currency should be rendered as little fluctuating as possible; or, in other words, that the bank should be obliged to give cash or bullion in exchange for its notes. When a public debt has been contracted, a depreciation of paper induces what is really equivalent to national bankruptcy. Now surely it is too much to entrust any corporate body, however respectable, with the power of reducing the national credit to nothing, and of ruining all those living on fixed incomes. But it is still more dangerous to entrust them with the power of enriching annuitants and stockholders at the expense of the productive classes,—or to arm them with the prerogative of *imposing indefinite taxes*: For they exercise that power most effectually, when, by diminishing their paper, and, consequently, raising its value, they reduce the money price of commodities, and oblige a farmer to sell two quarters of wheat, or a manufacturer two yards of cloth, to pay those taxes for which one had formerly sufficed. Such a power vested in the hands of a body unknown to the constitution, and acting under no responsibility, is perfectly anomalous in a free country, and is altogether subversive of the security of property.

While it is in the power of the directors of the Bank of England to increase or diminish the currency of the country at their pleasure, no person can form any probable estimate of the value of his property at any period but a little remote. The estate that is purchased to-day, and reckoned a good bargain, may, by the bank's limiting its discounts, or withdrawing its notes from circulation, be rendered, in a very short time, not worth half the sum paid for it: and, on the contrary, if the directors were more liberal in granting discounts, and increased the number of their notes in circulation, either by lending to the state or to individuals, the estate might speedily become worth double the money, that is, double the paper it had been sold for. This artificial and unnatural system, renders the *money value* of all the property in the empire dependent on the views and opinions—the whims and caprices—of *twenty-four* individuals. It is their fiat alone which makes one transaction good, and another bad. They hold the scale of value, and change its graduation as they judge proper.

The fate that attended the late issue of *three millions* of sovereigns, *not one of which remained in circulation three months afterwards*, will, we should hope, prevent any further attempts to make gold coins of legal weight and fineness, circulate in company with an inconvertible paper. Nothing but rendering bank notes exchangeable for cash or bullion, can possibly restore the currency

to a sound state. Every other scheme for the accomplishment of this most desirable object, will be found completely delusive and ineffectual.

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EDITORIAL.

THE next number of the *Analectic Magazine* will contain a Review of Wheaton's Reports, an Essay on Gessner, an Account of the means of Education and the Scientific institutions in New York, an Historical Sketch of the Battle of Fort Meigs, by an officer of the Kentucky militia, an Abstract of Marshal Grouchy's very satisfactory and conclusive vindication of his conduct in the campaign of 1815, and some other communications, all of which were received unfortunately too late for this number.

The foreign journals lately received have been unusually barren of interest. The *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* came too late to be useful for this month. They, however, display less than their wonted share of spirit and animation. The *Quarterly*, notices Mr. Colden's '*Life of Pulton*,' of course in terms of obloquy as it is American; but, what is much much more surprising, the *Edinburgh Review* also, [*et tu Brute!*] contains an attack upon us in a style of insolent and virulent abuse, which would seem more characteristic of its rival. Indeed, a spirit of rancorous hostility towards this country, seems to pervade the British journalists in general, and a caitiff disciple of general Pillet, called *Fearon*, has given them an opportunity to spit abroad their venom. Of this however, whenever we can procure *Fearon's* book, we shall speak more in detail.

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ART.—XIII. *Notoria, or Miscellaneous Articles, &c.*

AURICULAR MOLESTATIONS.

—*et omnem*  
*implevit, clamore locum.* Virg.

(COMMUNICATED.)

I do not remember that the author of a book entitled the '*Miseries of Human Life*,' has, in his extensive catalogue of dispunishable plagues, enumerated the annoyances produced by *creaking boots and shoes*; nor do I find them among the torments surrounding *Hogarth's* '*Enraged Musician*.' This grievance is mentioned in sober sadness; and not to excite the pleasantries of the wit, or the carcasms of the critic. I do not believe myself singular, in my aversion to this shrill and discordant attack on my auricular organs; for I have heard multitudes complain, and none approve of it—and yet I have known no satisfactory attempt at accounting for, nor endeavouring to remedy or prevent it. I have heard, that it often occurs from the careless man-

ner of cutting out, or shaping the soles; and thus all the parts do not move in symmetry. Some attribute this nuisance to the dryness of the outer sole, and the green leather, or scraps composing the inner one; so that the movement of each is different from that of the other. The inequality of the stitches is also said to be the cause. Some ascribe the evil to the dryness of *all* the parts whereof the feet of the boots or shoes are composed. To avoid the vexation to the *ear*, the remedy I have heard proposed, is, to *damp* the cover of the foot, or at least the sole; and thus endanger the health of the wearer. This seems to be a desperate expedient. In vain do we *carpet* our rooms: for thereby this ear-piercing violence is more strongly marked. A few creaking peripatetics, will disturb a whole company, who are devoting themselves to sedentary and tranquil amusements, or quiet employments. Interesting conversation, reading, writing, or thinking, may as well

be attempted, with a horse-fiddle at one ear, and a watchman's-rattle at the other; for although both of these are more clamorous, they are not so constantly annoying. The screwing up, and tuning stringed instruments, previously to a concert, are temporary; and the suffering is compensated by the pleasing effects of the preparatory torture. Opening dry and tight snuff-boxes, in any numbers, is venial, compared with unceasing shoe or boot creaking; for a punster will tell you, it occurs only occasionally, and *at a pinch*. Law will not suppress the enormity: and if there were any legal remedy, a suitor would wear out two or three pair of shoes, in attending courts, to obtain it; and thus some of the trade would profit by the prosecution. The prosecutor, too, would probably, by assisting in the disturbance, entitle himself to the retort—*et de te fabula narratur*. The offence is a *casus omissus* in our laws; and therefore *overlooked*, but disgustingly *overheard* in our court rooms; wherein the creaking victims to the ignorance or malpractice of their cordwainers, invade the sanctuaries of justice; and their jarring *sharps* are pitched an octave higher than the *vox humane* of the counsel or the judge; who might be also participators in the creaking chorus, were they not at rest, so far as that their *soles* are not engaged in the agitation of the motion or question in progress.

Being myself often an involuntary actor, as well as a sufferer in the evil, I cannot be supposed to censure those who innocently and inevitably promote it. But I think, that if shoes and boots thus defective, were generally returned on the hands of the makers; as for all faults they should be; we should take an effectual remedy into our own hands, and thereby insure more care in the selection of materials, and more attention to the workmanship: provided always, that by this remedy we do not go barefooted. Dealers whose wares were exempt from this crackling defect, would be rewarded by an increase of custom. The article would consist of better materials and workmanship; and be freed from the bad qualities, which disturb not only the wearer, but the society in which he *moves*. It is generally understood, that leather is now so unfaithfully tanned and manufactured,

that some spots on the side are horny or callous, and others spongy or porous. This creates inequality of movement in the sole. Whatever be the cause; creaking boots or shoes are so obstreperously common, that they are sometime mistakenly supposed to be voluntarily *fashionable*; insomuch that I have heard of a young *dandy*, who, under this idea, directed his bootmaker, 'to be sure to make his boots *creak*;'—a very unnecessary injunction.

If a book of sufferings were kept in temporal, as it is in a highly respectable religious society; it would be appropriate to its painful mementos, to have it bound in creaking leather;—as a sort of index to its contents.

A death-watch is not more distressing to a morbid imagination, than are, in a sick room, foot creakings of physicians, friends, or nurses, to the nerves of a feeble and prostrate patient.

Even *gallants* thus shod, prowling in their nocturnal rambles with sly and cautious steps, are nevertheless in constant danger of detection. Both vitious and virtuous creakers, should therefore join in correcting this *crying* sin; which is one of modern enormity. *Pythagoras* would have expelled from his schools, pupils who thus invaded the silence enjoined during their probationary periods.

*Bad habits* have induced inattention; or this *evil report*, which has been so long *noised* throughout our city, would, e'er this time, have been suppressed.

Our superstitious Indians, thus annoyed, would suppose that bad spirits, incarcerated in a bullock's hide, piteously cried out through its pores, when trodden upon. The jingling of thimbles and bells on the ankles and mockasins of squaws; and the rattling of deers' claws, attached to the garters and shoes of Indian beaux, dressed for a feast or a dance, are harmoniously musical compared with the foot-creaking discords of civilized bipeds.

*Cities* having a more numerous assemblage of *soles*, acting in thrilling accompaniment, are most infested with this department of discord. I believe, in the country there are few of such unpleasant annoyances;—and if so—*O fortunati nimium agricolæ!* The septemdecimal visitations of *locusts* may be excepted, for their unsocial and shrill wailings, may, possibly, equal the grating shrieks

of shoe and boot creaking; as may also the melancholy pipes of tree frogs; and the harsh notes of the insect tribe; on a dog day or autumnal evening.

If this querulous lucubration should rouse the attention of the intelligent members of the craft of cordwainers; or afford the least hint to promote a regulation for the inspection of leather; and thus correct abuses in its manufacture and uses; a great point will be gained.

Although the site of the annoyance complained of, be always *trodden under foot*; it is nevertheless not a despicable, although it be, *locally*, a *low* subject. It is a most necessary and important part of our habiliments, and a protector of our health; many of our most afflicting maladies, as well as this laceration of our organs, originating and being taken in at our feet.

Those who deem the subject unimportant, may consider it as being run dry; and that, in consequence, *it* also begins to crepitate. But very many have concurrent antipathies with me, to this *crepitus pedum*; I would be glad of some remedy or preventive for an annoyance, which assails us at *every step we take*; and—like *fame* good or bad—*‘crescit eundo.’* These fellow sufferers, will excuse my endeavours to save their auditory nerves from tormenting assaults; and will, therefore, protect me against the imputation of being a querrimonious

CROAKER.

Philadelphia, March, 1819.

#### MAGNANIMITY OF FRENCH SOLDIERS.

*Anecdotes translated from Les Fastes de la Gloire; recently published at Paris.*

Three days after the entrance of the French into Moscow, the fire having broken out during the night, detachments of the army were sent into different quarters to succour the inhabitants, and arrest the progress of the flames. Bouviers Destonches, a lieutenant, born at Rennes, betook himself, with several grenadiers of the guard, to the palace of prince G—; where, by his activity, he succeeded in stopping the fire, and saved immense riches. The grateful prince, offered him as a reward, a magnificent plateau of silver gilt, furnished with a table equipage of gold. ‘Accept this pre-

sent,’ said he, ‘you can hide it in the ground, and seek for it after the conflagration is over.’ ‘No,’ answered Bouvier, ‘I accept nothing; the only recompense a French soldier wishes, is a consciousness of having performed his duty.’ The prince urged it upon him, with renewed expressions of gratitude; Bouvier, seizing the plateau, threw it into the Moscowa, saying to the prince, ‘observe the spot where it falls, when order and tranquillity are restored, you will be able to regain it.’ This brave officer gained nothing by his numerous campaigns, but the glory of having fought loyally. Allowed to retire, after having lost his ten fingers, in the disastrous campaign of Russia; Bouvier Destonches was appointed counsellor of the prefecture of his department. In this employment of the civil administration, he continued to serve his country with distinction; when, in 1814, the government made an appeal to all Frenchmen in a condition to bear arms. Bouvier no sooner heard the voice of his country, than, forgetting his mutilation, he left his civil functions, hastened to Paris, along with some of his comrades, and obtained active employment. An iron hook, to hold the reins of his horse, served instead of his left hand, and a leather string, fastened to his right wrist, enabled him to hold his sword. Thus equipped, he arrived during the battle of Craone; but had scarcely entered the line, when he received two wounds, was thrown from his horse, taken prisoner by the Cossacks, and conducted to Bulow’s head quarters. ‘If after the battle of Jena,’ said that general, ‘Prussia could have counted in her armies, a few officers like this brave man, we should have saved Konigsburgh and Berlin.’

After the memorable victory of Hohenlinden, December 3d, 1800, the first regiment of cuirassiers was cantoned in the bishopric of Eichstadt, now created into a principality for prince Eugene, when the bishop sent some German commissioners to take away the sacred vases and ornaments of the church of Keffenhul, to defray a contribution ordered by general Moreau. Five brave soldiers, touched with the grief of the inhabitants, who

were to be deprived of the objects of their veneration, presented themselves before the general in chief, to beg he would remit the contribution exacted; but not being able to obtain that, they discharged it themselves out of their own pay, and conciliated, by this act of generosity, the esteem and gratitude of a country which never will forget such noble disinterestedness.

A Latin inscription, intended to perpetuate the recollection of this action, has been placed by the Catholic minister, at the head of the register of donations to the parish of Keffenhul; where, every year, at the same season, they celebrate a solemn mass, in memory of the preservation of the sacred vases, and in honour of the five Frenchmen, whose beneficent piety saved the temple of the Lord from profanation.

*Ibid.*

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GENERAL GOURGAUD.

*From La Minerve Francaise.*

Those who still believe in fatality, may see a victim of that inflexible power in Gen. Gourgaud. At St. Helena, a quarrel arose between him and general Bertrand; he wished to fight, but Bonaparte forbade it;—faithful to friendship, he had exiled himself from Europe—faithful to honour, he exiled himself from St. Helena.

He had composed in that island, a work exceedingly curious, *On the Campaign of 1815*. It taught us what we did not know before, and gave us accurate information of things which we had known imperfectly. This rapid sketch, worthy of the greatest praise, for the profoundness of its views, the boldness of its thoughts, and the originality of its style, was impatiently expected by all classes of readers. Two editions were printed to satisfy the avidity of expectation—the two editions were both suppressed the same day.

The general resided at London, in retirement and solitude; a man knocked at his door and asked for him; the servant answered that he was in bed, sick, and could not be seen; the reply was, that the door would be forced if not opened. The general, apologising for such a reception, called him in, though in bed. The man appeared, followed by six fellows, who approached the bed, took off the covering, and

carried the general into another room. Indignant at such an outrage, and apprehensive of assassination, he attempted to call for aid, and thrust his head through the glass of a window. They knocked him down, gave him repeated blows, and dragged him, covered with blood, to a carriage which was before the door. The crowd gathered round him; some were told it was an arrest for high treason; others, it was a lunatic. They took him along the road to Vauxhall, and stopped at the house of a Mr. Coffee. Two hours afterwards, he was taken up again and carried to Harwich, whence he was transported in a packet to Cuxhaven.

General Gourgaud, seized under the *alien act*, left nothing in London, but his *clothes* and his *papers*. Yet some journals affirm, that there was no outrage at all committed on him; but that it was he alone, disarmed and sick, that beat the numerous officers charged with his arrest.

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*A Course of Lectures on Anatomy, applied to the Arts of Sculpture and Painting.* By S. Calhoun, one of the Physicians of the Pennsylvania Hospital, was commenced on the 6th of April, on the following plan.

1. The Anatomy of the Skeleton.
2. Of the Muscles.

3. The Functions of the Body during Life, with some delineations of the passions.

The introductory lecture first contemplated the general relations of the civilized world as the theatre of science, industry, and activity; the love of life, and the desire of immortality, as the great incentives to every thing useful; and history, eloquence, poetry, music, painting, statuary, and architecture, as the means by which these incentives were applied, in the praises given to men of merit.

The arts of painting and statuary, it was said, have always stood high in the estimation of civilized nations. The study of the structure of the body is necessary to their excellence.

Anatomy may be called the alphabet of these arts. Physiology, or the history of the functions of the body, during life, unites its parts into language; and the display of the passions by the chisel and the pencil, forms the eloquence of their style. After dilating on the

necessity of this course of preparatory study, some remarks were made upon the prospects of our country with regard to the patronage of these arts, and the lecture concluded in the following manner.

'To prepare for these periods, should be the study and ambition of the artist; the rapid accumulation of our wealth and power, demonstrates clearly that they cannot be far distant. Let perseverance and industry unite, and the greatest effects maybe expected. The pyramid of excellence may be ascended by the flight of the eagle or the unwearied foot of the ant; in one of the most sublime sciences which has occupied the attention of man; the palm of success has been given to labour; Newton, whose name cannot be mentioned without the most profound veneration, attributed to the humble efforts of industry, the rewards of his scientific skill. In the votary of these sublime pursuits, the most exalted enthusiasm must be united to the greatest industry; the mind must be well stored with a profound knowledge of human character; with the various display of the passions; with the great resources of the imagination, treasured in the learning and the beauties of the ancient mythology; and with the extensive observation of external nature.

The benefits conferred by men of talents, in the various walks of life, furnish subjects amply calculated for the display of great talents in the fine arts. The protectors of religion, the founders and defenders of states, claim the highest rank; and it is worthy of remark, that even those men, who have scattered far and wide the terrors of their names, who have been the scourges of mankind, have generally appeared at a period, when anarchy held a doubtful sway over political structures, crumbling into ruin, from the concealed operation of vices, which prepared them for a more dreadful overthrow.

'The Cæsars of the world have led away the hosts of iniquity which were insinuated into every portion of their respective communities; they have spread desolation and misery over other nations; they overawed and dazzled by the terrors and the splendours of victory, the countries whose destiny they protected, and thus prolonged un-

to ages of a more mature decline their enfeebling energies. It is not, therefore, merely to the brilliance of achievements, round which famine, pestilence, and war, assemble, nor to great moral masses of power waged against each other, that the tributes of praise which have been so exclusively granted to this class of men have been given; it is principally for protection afforded to their country at a time when no other assistance was possible, that their fame is due.

'The cultivators of science are mentioned with admiration, and become proper subjects for the chisel and the pencil; they are the benefactors of mankind. Newton and Laplace, the seers of nature, unfold the secrets of the sky, and conduct by the lights of a splendid science, the mariner through the ocean. The name of Franklin recalls by associations, dear to his country, dear to the human race, the era when the lightning was subdued, and a great people made happy. They reflect far and wide the sentiment of the great orator whose genius was compared to the majesty of the Roman empire in its full and unequalled splendour.

'*"Applause is the echo of virtue,"* and the great benefits of their lives, warn the imagination to assert the honour of human nature, by the payment of tributes justly their due. The gratitude of mankind is their mausoleum; their epitaph the page of history; to them no *"crucify tomorrow,"* shall arise on *"the Hosanna"* of to-day, for like time, their origin is obscure, but their end is eternal. They form a mythology, founded upon truth, which it is the business of the fine arts to adorn and to illustrate.' O.

#### CHARACTERS OF THE LIVING BRITISH POETS.

(From Hazlitt's Lectures.

ROGERS.

'He wraps up obvious thoughts in a glittering cover of fine words; is full of enigmas with no meanings to them; is studiously inverted; and scrupulously far-fetched; his verses are poetry, chiefly because no particle, line, or syllable of them reads like prose. This kind of poetry is like the game of asking what one's thoughts are like. It is a tortuous, tottering, wriggling, figetty translation of every thing from the vulgar

tongue into all the tantalizing, teasing, tripping, lisping mimminee pimminee, and fashion of poetical diction. There is no other fault to be found with the Pleasures of Memory than *the want of taste and genius!*' p. 294.

CAMPBELL.

'The Pleasures of Hope is of the same school, in which a painful attention is paid to the expression, in proportion as there is little to express; and the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry. His Gertrude of Wyoming is his principal performance. It shows little power, or power enervated by extreme fastidiousness. It is

"of outward show

Elaborate, of inward less exact."

Mr. Campbell always seems to me to be thinking how his poetry will look when it comes to be hot-pressed on superfine wove paper. He is so afraid of doing wrong, of making the smallest mistakes, that he does little or nothing. Lest he should wander irretrievably from the right path, he stands still.' p. 296.

MOORE.

'Tom Moore is a poet of quite a different stamp. He is as heedless and prodigal of his poetical wealth, as the other is careful, reserved, and parsimonious. The fault of Mr. Moore is an *exuberance of involuntary power!* His faculty of production lessens the effect of, and hangs a dead weight upon what he produces. His levity at last oppresses. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloy; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. He wants *intensity, strength, and grandeur!* His pen wants momentum and passion (!!!) His Irish Melodies are not free from affectation, and a certain sickliness of pretension. His serious descriptions are apt to run into flowery tenderness. His pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish insensibility, or *crystallizes* into all the prettiness of allegorical language, and glittering hardness of external imagery.' p. 302.

LORD BYRON.

'If Mr. Moore lays himself too open to all the various impulses of things, lord Byron shuts himself too close in the impenetrable gloom of his own thoughts, and buries the natural light in "nook monastic." The Giaour, the Corsair, Childe Harold, are all the same

person, and they are apparently all himself. Lord Byron's poetry is as morbid as Mr. Moore's is careless and dissipated. There is nothing less poetical than his unaccommodating selfishness. He hath a *demon*, which is next to being full of a God. The flowers that adorn his poetry bloom over charnel houses and the grave. There is one subject upon which lord Byron is fond of writing, on which I wish he would not write—Bonaparte: not that I quarrel with his writings for him or against him. What right has he to do this? Bonaparte's character, be it what else it may, does not change every hour, according to his lordship's varying humour. He is not a pipe for his lordship's muse to play what step she pleases on.' p. 305.

WALTER SCOTT.

'His poetry belongs to the class of *improvisatori* poetry. It has neither depth, heighth, nor breadth in it; neither uncommon strength, nor uncommon refinement of thought, sentiment, or language. *It has no originality.* It is history in masquerade. Not only the crust of old words and images is worn off with time, the substance is grown comparatively light and worthless. The forms are old and uncouth, but the spirit is effeminate and frivolous. Mr. Scott has put the Border Minstrelsy, and scattered traditions of the country into easy and animated verse. But the notes to his poems are just as entertaining as the poems themselves, and his poems are *only entertaining.*' p. 309.

WORDSWORTH.

'He cannot form a whole. He has not the constructive faculty. He is totally deficient in all the machinery of poetry. In his "Excursion" the line labours, but the verse stands stock still. The reader makes no way from the first to the last. An adept in Mr. Wordsworth's school of poetry is jealous of all excellency but his own. Such a one is slow to admire any thing that is admirable; feels no interest in what is most interesting to others, no grandeur in any thing grand, no beauty in any thing beautiful. He tolerates only what he himself creates; he sympathises only with what can enter into no competition with him. He sees nothing but himself and the universe. He hates all science and art; he hates chemistry; he hates conchology, he hates Voltaire;

he hates sir Isacc Newton; he hates wisdom; he hates wit; he hates metaphysics, which, he says, are unintelligible, and yet he would be thought to understand them; he hates prose; he hates all poetry but his own; he hates the dialogues in Shakspeare; he hates music, dancing, painting; he hates Reubens, he hates the Apollo de Belvidere; he hates the Venus de Medicis! The proofs are to be found every where.—In Mr. Southey's Botany Bay Eclogues, in his book of Songs and Sonnets; his Odes, his Inscriptions, &c.; in Mr. Coleridge's ode to an Ass's Foal; in his lines to Sarah; and in Mr. Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.' p. 328.

## SOUTHEY.

'Of Mr. Southey's larger epics I have but a faint recollection at this distance of time; but all that I remember of them is mechanical and extravagant, heavy and superficial. The difference between him and sir Richard Blackmore, seems to be, that the one is heavy, and the other light, the one solemn, and the other pragmatical, the one phlegmatic, and the other flippant. Kehama is a loose sprawling figure, such as we see cut out of wood or paper, and pulled or jerked with wire or thread, to make sudden or surprising motions, without meaning, grace, or nature in them. The little he has done of true and sterling excellence, is overloaded by the quantity of indifferent matter which he turns out every year, prosing and versing with equally mechanical and irresistible facility.' p. 326.

## COLERIDGE.

Of this gentleman, 'the only person from whom the critic ever learnt any thing,' it is observed: 'In his ancient manner, he seems to conceive of poetry but a drunken dream—reckless, careless, heedless of the past, present, and to come. His tragedies are, except a few poetical passages, drawling sentiment, and metaphysical jargon. He has no genuine dramatic talent. His *Conciones ad Populum* are dreary trash.' p. 329.

Mr. Murray the London bookseller, it is said, has new works in the press of the aggregate value of 40,000*l*.

The British Naval Chronicle, and the Critical Review have been discontinued.

## FABLE.

(Ascribed to Sterne.)

My fable is concerning  
A Cuckoo and a Lark.  
If I had said a Nightingale,  
You would have cried,  
You could not fail,  
That it was pride,  
And nought beside,  
Which made me think of such a tale.  
Upon a tree as they were sitting  
They fell into a warm dispute,  
(Warmer than was fitting)  
Which of them was the better flute.  
After much prating,  
And debating,  
Not worth relating,  
Things came to such a pass,  
They both agree  
To take an Ass  
For referee.  
(The Ass was studying botany and grass  
Under the tree.)  
What do you think was the decree?—  
'Why,' says the Ass, 'the question is not  
hard,'  
And so he made an excellent award,  
As you shall see.  
'The Lark,' says he,  
'Has got a wild fantastic pipe,  
But no more music than a snipe;  
It gives one pain  
And turns one's brain,  
One can't keep time to such a strain:  
Whereas, the Cuckoo's note  
Is measured and composed with thought;  
His method is distinct and clear,  
And dwells,  
Like bells  
Upon the ear,  
Which is the sweetest music one can hear.  
I can distinguish too, I'll lay a wager,  
His manner and expression,  
From every forester and cager  
Of the profession.'  
Thus ended the dispute.  
The Cuckoo was quite mute  
With admiration;  
The Lark stood laughing at the brute  
Affecting so much penetration.  
The Ass was so intoxicated,  
And shallow pated,  
That ever since  
He's got a fancy in his skull  
That he's a commission from his prince  
(Dated when the Moon's at full)  
To summon every soul,  
Every Ass and Ass's foal,  
To try the quick and dull;  
Trumpetting through the fields and streets,  
Stopping and judging all he meets;  
Pronouncing with an air  
Of one pronouncing from the chair,  
'That's a beauty—this is new,  
That's passing false—the other true,'  
Just like the — Review.